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No. 748.]

POSTAGE,  
ONE PENNY.

WEEK ENDING NOVEMBER 17, 1904.

ENTERED AT  
STATIONERS HALL.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

## NEWS FROM TIBET ABOUT

**DR TIBBLES' Vi-Cocoa**

**"FOR HEAT AND COLD NOTHING LIKE VI-COCOA."**



**Sergt.-Major J. H. SWAIN, 5th Transport Cavalry,  
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"I beg to write these few lines, as to what good Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa has done for me. I have just returned from India, where the heat is intense, viz., 112 degrees, and here the temperature is about 70 degrees and 12,000 feet above the sea level. Of course, arriving here direct from India within a couple of weeks, through continual rains of Teesta Valley and snows of the Telep La Pass, I took cold and was very weak, but since using your valuable Vi-Cocoa I am pleased to have rapidly regained my usual health.

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NEW PRIZE CONTEST STARTS on Page 339.

NEW  
SERIAL  
STORY  
STARTS  
ON  
PAGE 345.

# PEARSON'S

TO INTEREST  
TO ELEVATE, TO AMUSE. WEEKLY.

NEW  
SERIAL  
STORY  
STARTS  
ON  
PAGE 345.

No. 748.

TRANSMISSION AT  
BOOK RATES.

WEEK ENDING NOVEMBER 17, 1904.

ENTERED AT  
STATIONERS' HALL.

ONE PENNY.

## COULD KEEP A SECRET?

"A woman can't keep a secret," declares the mere man.

"Oh, I don't know," retorts the fluttery lady. "I've kept my age a secret since I was twenty-four."

"Yes, but one of these days you will give it away. In time you will simply have to tell it."

"Well, I think that when a woman has kept a secret for twenty years she comes pretty near knowing how to keep it."

CHOLLY: "I can't live without your daughter!"  
Mr. Cashbag: "Oh, yes, you can! Work never killed anybody yet."

TEACHER (to pupil): "How old are you?"  
Pupil: "Six."  
Teacher: "When were you six?"  
Pupil: "On my birthday."

ARTIST: "Now give me your candid opinion of this picture."

Critic: "It is utterly worthless."

Artist: "Yes, I know your opinion is worthless, but I am curious to hear it, nevertheless."

## WORKED SPLENDIDLY.

BROWN: "What puts you in such a good humour this morning?"

ROBINSON: "I've just got a patent for my new patent ink eraser. I wouldn't take £10,000 for it."

"Didn't you get a patent last year for inventing an indelible ink?"

"I did, and I sold it for £6,000, and now I've invented an eraser that will even remove writing done with my own indelible ink."

"What are you going at next?"

"I'm going to invent another indelible ink that can't be erased with my new eraser. I tell you there is money in this patent business if you only go about it the right way."

"I HEARD you congratulating Mr. Scribbler on his short stories. What on earth do you find in them to admire?"

"Their shortness."

EMMA: "And, Charlie, dear, would you really have shot yourself if I had refused you?"

Charlie: "Indeed I would. I had already sent to four gunsmiths for price-lists of revolvers."

JOHNNY: "Grandma, I wish you'd give me some cake."

Mother: "Johnny! Didn't I tell you not to ask your grandma for cake?"

Johnny: "I didn't ask for anything; I'm just wishing."

## MUNICIPAL POSTMEN.

In the old days, municipalities used to manage their own post-offices. Aberdeen, for instance, had a "council-post" as early as 1590; the letter-carriers—there was usually only one at a time—being clothed in blue, with the town's arms in silver on the right sleeve.

The burgh records of Glasgow for 1630 contain a resolution by the Council that "ane trustie youth be made a poste," and he appears to have received 6s. 8d., together with a suit of clothes and a pair of shoes, for his trouble.

This was subsequently raised to one shilling weekly in English money (12s. Scottish), and then, alas, the pay vanished entirely, for the "post's" business increased so much that he required a horse, to purchase which the canny City fathers advanced funds on condition that the rider of it served "thankfullie" without wages for a season.

Then, when the steed had thus been bought on the instalment system, the same shrewd Scottish Council initiated the first penny post, by making that sum the fee, from 1663, for every letter received or delivered.

All rights reserved.]

## A WOMAN'S WAY.

Telling of How a Woman Refused all else for Love.

"I will give you," he murmured, "a warrior's name."

She sighed and she shook her head.

"I will carve it aloft on the pillars of fame,

In blood red letters, encircled in flame"—

"But Love cannot read it," she said.

"I will make you," he pleaded, "a statesman's bride"—

She listened and turned her head.

"I will sit in the halls where the great abide;

Where Ambition feasts and is satisfied"—

"But Love cannot share it," she said.

"I will sing you a song such as poets prize"—

She blushed and she drooped her head.

"I will woo soft chords from the muse, whose eyes

Illumine the portals of Love's Paradise"—

"But Love cannot sing them," she said.

"I give you my love, then—'tis all I can do"—

Low drooped her womanly head.

"I love you, oh, love, with a love so true.

There is nothing else in my life for you"—

"But Love wants nothing else," she said.

## HOW TOGO'S NERVES WERE STEADIED.

ADMIRAL TOGO, Commander-in-Chief of the Japanese navy, whose prowess as a fighting man has won world-wide praise of late, comes from an old school of Nippon warriors. His naval education is the best, and he has been trained in every way to be a fearless, calm, and tireless fighter.

In his youth, he and his fellow students at the Japanese naval academy were accustomed to attend an annual banquet. They sat at a circular table, round a slowly revolving cannon loaded with a ball and trained to the level of their heads. The trigger was so arranged that it could be touched from a hidden source outside the banquet hall.

That at some time during the banquet the cannon would be fired every one at the table knew; but just when, or in what direction it would be pointing, was a mystery. Of course, there was a possibility that the ball might crash harmlessly between the heads of two banqueters, but it was equally probable that it might carry off the head of some student. Yet no one flinched. The chances were equal to all.

The picturesque object of destruction revolving during the jovial hours of the banquet, pointing from student to student, and ready at a given moment to blow any one of them to pieces, was considered in Japan admirable training to steady the nerves of a fighting man.

"Do you mean to say," asked the optimist, "that the unexpected never happens to you?"

"Just so," replied the pessimist; "I've got so used to it that I always expect it now."

"What is a counter-irritant?" asked Mrs. Smithers.

"A counter-irritant," replied Smithers, "is a woman who makes the shopman pull down everything from the shelves for two hours, and then buys a pennyworth of hairpins."

"A GREAT, big, able-bodied man like you ought to be ashamed to ask a stranger for money," said the well-to-do citizen.

"I know I ought," answered the tramp. "But I'm naturally too kind-hearted to tap him on the head and take it from him."

## ANOTHER INSURANCE CLAIM PAID.

THE following is an account of an unfortunate accident through which a reader of P.W. lost his life:

A cycling accident occurred at Rawmarsh on September 21st, and terminated fatally two days later. The victim was a Sheffield gentleman named Mr. Joseph Clark, aged 31 years, who lived at 30 Birkendale Road, Upperthorpe. The deceased was a commercial traveller, and was in the habit of doing a portion of his travelling on his machine.

On September 21st he cycled to Rawmarsh on business. About half-past four in the afternoon he left the Star Hotel, which is at the top of Rawmarsh Hill, and cycled down the hill.

After he had proceeded some distance down the hill he met a horse and cart laden with bricks. In trying to pass the cart his machine skidded, and he was flung with considerable force to the ground, his chest striking the kerbstone. He was able to walk, however, and appeared not to be seriously hurt.

On his return to Sheffield he went to see a doctor, and later in the evening he became so ill that he was removed to the Royal Infirmary. Upon admission to that institution it was found that Mr. Clark was suffering from severe internal injuries in the lower part of his body, from which he succumbed on September 23rd.

Mr. Clark is spoken of as an experienced and careful rider. In fact, the machine he rode when the accident occurred is said to have been the third he had had. Rawmarsh Hill is an extremely dangerous one, and a large number of accidents have already occurred there.

Mr. Clark had signed the coupon on the last page of P.W., and therefore, his next-of-kin are entitled to the sum of One Hundred Pounds, which has been paid to them. We hope to publish their receipt for the money next week.

ELLA: "Do you think that joy ever kills?"

Stella: "I think it would be dangerous for you to have a proposal."

MR. NOORICHE: "You don't want opera-glasses when you're so close to the stage as this."

Mrs. Nooriche: "Don't I? How am I going to show off my rings and bracelets if I don't have opera-glasses?"

## THE MAD AMBASSADOR.

CRISES, while they act with inflammatory effect upon the multitude, mean a specially heavy responsibility for those charged with the conduct of affairs on behalf of their respective Governments.

The Russian Ambassador at Tokyo broke down and wept when, all his efforts for peace having failed, he was compelled to withdraw from Japan. In less trying circumstances men, supposedly strong, have given way.

There was a tragic little scene immediately preceding King Edward's marriage. With several of his Royal relatives he was staying at the Prussian Embassy in Rome, where his host was the German Ambassador, Baron Von Kanitz.

The responsibility of entertaining so many august personages under his roof was too much for the Ambassador. He appeared at dinner one night in his dressing-gown and slippers, and to half the Royalties of Europe exclaimed: "Is this to go on much longer? I am heartily sick of it, and it must come to an end at once."

They carried him to his room, and next day removed him to an asylum, a raving lunatic.



# Short Story

## THE LOVE OF JOAN.

By E. Newton Bungey.

"AND you really love me, Joan?" I murmured, hardly believing my ears.

"More than my life," she replied passionately. As in a dream I gazed into the beautiful eyes of Joan Ainslie, whilst I held her tightly in my arms.

We stood in the old garden which surrounded the home of my love in the little country town of Errington. Joan was an orphan and, with the exception of an old nurse, she lived alone. She sometimes spoke of her brother, Jack Ainslie, who had long ago gone to Australia, and had never since been heard of, but, otherwise, she had no living relative.

I met Joan at a garden party almost directly after I went to live at Errington, and straightway I fell in love with her. Now, six months afterwards, I had asked her to marry me, and her reply was still sounding, like the music of the fairies, in my ear.

"Allan, I have a little confession to make to you," said Joan during the evening. She nestled closer to me and hid her face against my shoulder as she spoke.

"How terrible," I cried with a laugh. "Say on, and I will consider the case."

"You—you are not the first man whom I promised to—" She paused, and her hands clutched nervously at each other. "Ha! Then there is another?" I cried in pseudo-dramatic style.

Joan seemed glad that I was only amused, and then told me that two years ago, when she was only eighteen years of age, she had agreed to marry a visitor from London. His name was Jack Carstairs, and he left Errington promising to write to her. This he did, but eventually went to South Africa, since when Joan had not heard anything from him.

"And what was my rival like?" I questioned. "Oh, not your rival, dear," she murmured. "I did not really love him; it was but a girlish infatuation which I got over almost directly after Mr. Carstairs left Errington."

"But what was he like?" I repeated. "Well, not quite so tall as you, nor so good-looking, and he had a beard. Ugh! I'm glad you haven't got a beard, Allan." Joan stopped and blushed violently, and after a little while she made me understand why she preferred clean-shaven faces.

Time went on, and Joan and I lived in the little earthly paradise that we had constructed, until, as in olden time, the serpent entered.

Although I had laughed away the story of Jack Carstairs, yet I could not get rid of an absurd, jealous feeling that clung to me. By degrees I began to hate this man whom I had never met, and whom I thought I never should.

It was one evening about nine months after our engagement that I climbed into Joan's garden over the fence in my usual manner, for it saved going round to the gate. Suddenly I caught sight of a figure striding up the path. In astonishment I paused, and there came a wild, jealous tug at my heart-strings.

It was Jack Carstairs. There he was, just as Joan had described him. Slightly shorter than I was, wearing a beard, and bronzed, presumably by the South African sun.

The door was open, and, without knocking, he deliberately entered. From where I stood I could see Joan through the open window. I saw her spring to her feet as her visitor entered, for a moment they gazed at one another uncertainly.

"Jack!" "Joan!" I heard their voices distinctly, and then—then they were clasped in each other's arms.

For a moment all went dark around me, whilst a great pain seemed to tear my heart asunder. Again I looked, and he was kissing her. Then, with a smothered groan, I burst from the garden and rushed madly away over the Common, whither I knew not, nor cared.

When I returned to my senses darkness had settled down over the land. I was striding rapidly along the high road leading into Errington. A little way ahead of me through the trees I could see the light in Joan's house, and towards this point I hurried, a dull rage burning in me, and a red glare seeming to burn before my eyes.

I entered into the garden and then I caught sight of Joan standing alone on the lawn. The rage within me burst forth into a relentless fury, and, hastening up to her I seized her harshly by the arm.

"So your lover has gone?" I almost shouted. She gazed at me in terror, and tried to shrink away from me, but I held her firmly.

"This is how you show your love for me, is it?" I said hoarsely. My grip was tightening on her arms so that she winced with pain, but in my blind rage I saw nothing.

Then, as I looked into her beautiful eyes and thought of them gazing up at another as they gazed up at me, and thought of her red lips pressed against his, my jealous rage became so strong that I threw her from me, and turned and rushed into the darkness.

I went straightway to my rooms, packed a small handbag, and, telling my landlady I should not be back for a few days, I rushed to the station and booked to King's Cross. The whole of the time I was practically bereft of my senses.

When I alighted from the train in London, it was my intention to proceed to Hazell's, but as I left the terminus and crossed the entrance drive there was a sudden crash—and then darkness.

When I recovered my senses I was in the hospital. They told me I had been there nearly a fortnight. I had been

knocked down by a cab, and the fall had brought on a concussion of the brain.

"It has been a very near thing," said the nurse. "Once or twice we thought you were gone."

And when I was alone, I said to myself, "Would to Heaven that I had died." But I lived on, sick at heart, for there seemed nothing to live for now.

As soon as was possible I left the hospital and went to Eastbourne to recoup my health. On the second day of my stay I was thunderstruck by observing what I thought to be Joan's figure amongst the promenaders, but after a while I assured myself that I must have been mistaken.

How I longed to see my lost love again, to fold her in my arms and call her mine. But my heart ached when I thought of all that had been, of how she had proved faithless to me.

When I had fully recovered my senses, all my sudden passion had left me, with the exception of a dull hatred in my heart for the supplanter of my affections. Gradually it conquered me until I made up my mind that I would follow him and never leave him until I had killed him.

I sat on the front pondering on this, and then I saw what confirmed my suspicion of the previous day. I saw Joan, and with her was Jack Carstairs.

Great Heaven, the whole world reeled round me for a moment, and then, with a bitter hatred gnawing at me, I calmly sat and watched them pass. They did not see me, although I sat quite close to them. Joan looked pale, and my heart beat with unwonted rapidity as I gazed at her great pensive eyes. Perhaps she repented her step, but he looked happy enough.

Then I got up and walked in an opposite direction. To those few who do not know Eastbourne I would say, that if one goes away past the Wish Tower up on to the side of Beachy Head he will be at home with solitude.

Thither I wended my way, and lay down amongst the furze bushes. All was quiet, save for the crying of the sea birds, and the ceaseless murmuring of the mighty waters down beneath me.

There I lay, thinking, planning, wondering, and, Heaven knows, near to weeping. All my senses, all my feelings, yes, the whole of me, cried out for Joan, my lost darling.

Then I started suddenly, for I thought I heard my name whispered. But it must have been the plaintive note of a bird that I heard, and once more I gave myself up to thought.

"Allan!" There could be no mistake this time, someone was speaking my name. As if in a dream I turned my head and looked.

There was Joan. Never until I die shall I forget that moment. The murmur of the sea changed into a march of triumph played by a mighty organ. The wailing of the sea birds seemed as the notes of Orpheus. The yellow bloom on the furze bushes changed to virgin gold. And all the sounds that were, seemed to hymn the one word, "Joan."

I half started up, but the walk up, combined with the sudden excitement, had been too much for me in my weak state, and I collapsed back on to the ground. In a moment Joan was beside me, and her arms were round me.

"Oh, Allan, Allan, why did you leave me?" she murmured. I stammered back some incoherent reply concerning my rival. Wonderingly she gazed at me, and then suddenly her eyes brightened, and a queer little smile spread over her face.

"Why that was Jack—my brother Jack, from Australia!" she cried. I was too thunderstruck to reply.

"And that was all the faith you had in me?" she went on gravely. "Oh, my darling, can you forgive me?" I muttered brokenly.

And her reply was to kiss me. It seems that Joan and her brother had seen me on the promenade, and Joan had turned back to speak to me, only to see me disappearing in the distance. So she followed me, and the rest you know.

### WHY HE WAS DOING TIME.

A GROUP of convicts were working together in an English dockyard, when it was suggested that each man should say what he was "in" for.

Thereupon each in turn told his experience.

One had killed a man in self-defence; another had put another man's signature to a cheque; while a third one had married another woman, "thinking" his first wife defunct. The only convict who did not make any disclosures was a sanctimonious-looking man, nicknamed "The Parson" by reason of his looks.

"Well, Parson, what are you 'in' for?"

"I don't care to say. Besides, it was only a trifle and you would not believe it."

"Out with it," said the others. "Did you shoot anyone?"

"No, I did not. Since, however, you must know, I will tell you. I got my time for not building a church."

Deep silence fell upon the group. Such an excuse for getting a "lagging" (penal servitude) had never been heard before, and "The Parson" was urged to explain.

"Well, you see, a congregation collected several thousand pounds, and handed the money over to me to build a church—and I didn't build a church—that's all."

He: "Ah! I suppose you find a lot of dull people here?"

She: "No; it is the dull people who always find me."

"THERE is nothing more uncertain than a horse-race," exclaimed the man with a tendency to talk loud. And the melancholy friend responded:

"You never worked in the Meteorological Office, did you?"

## MARRIED 1,721 TIMES.

Theatrical Records of all Sorts.

THE world's record for playing one part the greatest number of consecutive times in one city belongs to Mr. H. Reeves-Smith. The city is London, and the play is *Charley's Aunt*.

In that remarkable piece Mr. Reeves-Smith appeared at every performance for three years and nine months. He has also taken part in several long runs, among which were one year in London with *The Private Secretary*, twenty-one months with *Betsy*, over twelve months with *Our Boys*, and 681 appearances with *Sweet Lavender*.

Mr. Reeves-Smith's record is just in front of Mr. David James'. For this actor played the character of Perkin Middlewick, the butlerman, in *Our Boys*, at the Vaudeville Theatre, London, for over 1,200 consecutive performances.

Mr. E. Boyd-Jones, Mr. Percy Clifton, and Miss Fanny Wright played in more than a thousand consecutive performances of *The Chinese Honeymoon*; Mr. Picton Roxborough was out of the same cast for only eight weeks.

Mr. Wilson Barrett, in the character of Claudian; Mr. Hawtrey as the Private Secretary in the play of that name; Mr. J. L. Toole, in *The Don*, are others who also made records of this sort.

In plays on tour, Mr. Van Biene, the 'celloist, in *The Broken Melody*, holds the record. He has played the part about 3,000 times. Among actresses Miss Minnie Palmer's appearances in *My Sweetheart*, a play which has been touring for many years, amount to the greatest number.

As for actresses who have appeared in the greatest number of parts, Miss Ellen Terry and Mrs. Kendal run each other very close in this respect, having played hundreds of characters of every description.

A record of a peculiar kind is held by Mr. E. H. Sothern, the well-known American actor. At a performance for the benefit of the New York Actors' Home, given at the Lyceum Theatre, in that city, a couple of years ago, he appeared in ten different acts from ten different plays.

The veteran actor, Mr. Henry H. Howe, who was a member of Sir Henry Irving's Lyceum Company for many years, has a record of which he is justly proud. He can boast of having played every male character in *The Lady of Lyons*, all under one roof, too, that of the Haymarket Theatre.

In his memoirs published recently, the German actor, Ludwig Bamay, states that he has died no fewer than 1,120 times, and has been married 1,721 times—on the stage, of course.

With regard to long runs, all the world knows that *Charley's Aunt*, with a record of 1,466 consecutive performances, holds the record. Next comes *Our Boys* with 1,362, then *The Chinese Honeymoon* and *The Private Secretary*, with just over a thousand each.

Plays, remarkable for their short runs, are not so well known. Mrs. Brown Potter's withdrawal of *The Golden Light*, after only three performances, is a very recent instance. At the Avenue Theatre, London, a few seasons back, the burlesque *More than Ever* achieved the distinction of a run of one consecutive night only.

The largest amount ever expended over a single theatrical production was £75,000, for Mr. Imre Kiralfy's play, *India*, at the Empress Theatre, at the India Exhibition, several years ago.

Sir Henry Irving has frequently spent over £15,000 on plays produced by him. *Faust*, in which one item, a peal of bells, specially cast, cost £400, was responsible for an expenditure of the amount mentioned.

The preparations necessitated by the elaborate stage mounting of *The Cingalee*, now being played at Daly's Theatre, extended over many months, upwards of £14,000 being spent by Mr. Geo. Edwards on the production. For the decoration of the first scene alone the artificial flowers cost £500. Most of the Drury Lane pantomimes, again, entail an expenditure of £20,000 before the curtain is raised for the first performance.

Mr. Hawtrey is said to have cleared over £100,000 by means of the popular play, *The Private Secretary*, while Mr. W. S. Penley's receipts from *Charley's Aunt* run this pretty close. Mr. Brandon Thomas, the author of the famous farce, had his banking account increased by more than £40,000 from this play alone.

There is yet another record held by a famous theatrical company. By their rush to Paris for a single performance of *The Admirable Crichton*, at the Renaissance Theatre, last year, Mr. Charles Frohman's company achieved a feat without parallel in theatrical annals. With them went the complete scenic accessories, properties, and electrical effects as used in London.

As soon as the performance was concluded on the Saturday evening, the scenery and other paraphernalia were packed, and the whole of the company, numbering seventy-five, travelled by special boat and train as quickly as possible to Paris.

But the most remarkable part of the trip was the getting back to London after Monday night's performance, so as to continue the run of the play the very next evening. After a terrific rush this was eventually accomplished.

# HOW WE NEARLY WENT TO WAR.

Some Stories and Incidents of the Recent Unpleasantness.

## THE MAD FLEET.

A DRAMA OF TO-MORROW.

By DAGONET, in the REFERENCE.

SCENE: The Baltic Fleet at sea. On board the Admiral's Flagship off Margate.

THE ADMIRAL (on bridge): Look! What is that?  
OFFICER (throwing searchlight on shore): I don't know. I never saw anything like it before.

ADMIRAL: It is perhaps a Japanese infernal machine. Give the order to fire.  
(The Russian Fleet bombards a row of bathing-machines on Margate Sands.)

THE MAYOR OF MARGATE (shouting): Hi, stop! What do you mean by damaging our property like this? You are firing on bathing-machines.

ADMIRAL (raising his hat): Ah, pardon; we shall compensate.

(The Fleet goes full steam ahead.)

MAN ON LIGHTSHIP: Hullo, Bill; here's some ironclads coming. Let's give 'em a fog signal. (They do.)

ADMIRAL: Great Heaven! What was that? (Breaks into a perspiration.)

OFFICER: It is the Japanese, they are on a fireship!  
ADMIRAL: Heaven preserve us! Fire!

(The Fleet pours a hail of shells upon the lightship.)  
MAN ON LIGHTSHIP: Why, you blamed foreigners, do you know you are attacking a lightship? We are sinking.

ADMIRAL: A lightship! Ah, a thousand pardons. We shall compensate. (Goes full steam ahead.)

PASSENGERS (on shilling sailing-boat): What a lovely day for a shilling sail! Hullo! what are those big vessels?

SKIPPER (looking): They are ironclads; we will sail nearer.

ADMIRAL (observing the approach of the shilling sailing-boat): Help! Here is a boat filled with barbarians coming towards us.

SKIPPER (putting beer-jar to his lips): Your 'ealth, guv'nor.

ADMIRAL: Ah! he is going to launch a torpedo. Fire!

(The Russian Fleet fires into shilling sailing-boat and sinks it.)

SKIPPER: Well, of all the cowardly— (Sinks.)

ADMIRAL: Ah! it is a victory! Sailors, your Little Father will be proud of you! (Sends a Marconi message to the Tsar announcing a great victory, gets drunk, and is put to bed in his berth with his cocked hat and all his medals on.)

## THE RUSSIAN ADMIRAL WHO WAS A SCOTSMAN.

WITH the Baltic fleet running amok it was only in keeping with history that Sweden should become involved. Long during the reign of the house of Vasa Sweden had a hand in all the troubles that came and went. If to-day a Vasa instead of a Bernadotte were upon the throne we might expect something startling in the way of a demand for reparation.

Once Gustavus III. was said to have dressed a party of German soldiers in Russian uniform, got them to "invade" Sweden, and upon the strength of their action declared war by sea and land.

His ultimatum to Catherine was a gem. It insisted on the cession by Russia of those parts of Finland and Karelia, and the district of Kexholm which had been wrested from Sweden; it insisted on the cession of the Crimea to Turkey to pacify the wrath of the Porte, and, just to round things off, it demanded that Russia should disarm her fleets and withdraw her cruisers from the Baltic, while those of Sweden should remain armed at sea until the final ratification of peace.

Catherine's answer was rather violent, but it served. Sweden was a naval power in those days, but so many and abortive were the battles fought that although she won great glory in the series of fights terminating in her victory over the Russians at Svens Sund, the victor had lost the bulk of her sailors and two-thirds of her navy, and so was unmade in victory. Russia, on the other hand, despite frequent reverses, rebuilt to make good the ravages of war.

One of her big men at this time was a certain Admiral Greig, a Scotsman, who, upon his promotion to high rank, had naturally to do a great deal of entertaining of Russian officers.

One day Mrs. Greig turned up in her native Leith to order a great number of silver spoons and forks, and a still greater number of plated ones.

Asked why she needed so many of the latter, she explained that the Russian naval officers were in the habit of putting the silver ware in their pockets. The practice was so common that the admiral used to place persons to watch his guests during dinner, and then, as they left, demand of them the articles which they had pocketed.

In small things and great the world alters but little.

## BERESFORD—TOO OLD AT FORTY.

SOME of the papers are again telling the old, old stories about Lord Charles Beresford. For the 9,645th time, the "Well done, Condor" story is repeated, and for the 78,653rd time I learn that Lord Charles once jumped overboard and saved the life of a seaman off the Falkland Isles on an icy-cold and pitch-dark winter's night. I believe Lord Charles himself is a little tired of hearing it.

He has been a scallywag, as he once told the Commons. He said that if he had been subjected to the penalty of breaking bounds when he was a young man he would scarcely ever have been out of gaol. Nor is he at all communicative about his own shortcomings, being a modest man of his sort. "I may think I am as good as I was at forty," he told the House, "but," he added in a whisper, "I am not."

## A SEA FIGHT BY MISTAKE.

THE Russian outrage in the North Sea recalls a curious adventure of Captain Crowe, alleged to be "as brave a sailor and as odd and eccentric a man as ever walked the quarter deck," in his good ship *Mary*, when he fell in with two English sloop-of-war "somewhere in the middle passage where Liverpool ships were engaged upon in these times."

They took his trim-looking vessel for a French cruiser, and he took them for a couple of the same craft. It mattered not that they were two to one.

Night came on and they could not distinguish each other's flags, so they kept at it until daylight showed the English colours on all their masts. The cruisers had made several efforts to board him in the dark and been repulsed with terrible loss.

Firing ceased as soon as the mistake was discovered, and the senior commander of the man-of-war sent an officer on board with a sulky, civil message to know if they could do anything to help repair damages. "I want nothing but a certificate to my owner that I have done my duty," was the reply.

## THE TSAR'S CONFIDENTIAL ADVISER.

AMONG those who are playing their parts in the solving of the difficult and delicate situation which has arisen over the Baltic Fleet outrage is Count Lamsdorff, who has been the Tsar's Foreign Minister for the last four years.

The Count ranks with M. Delcassé—who, as Foreign Minister of Russia's ally, is also "interested" in the act which has set the whole world on the tiptoe of excitement—as one of the most prominent politicians in Europe.

He has been the confidant of no fewer than three rulers of Russia—Alexander II., Alexander III., and now Nicholas II. At the early age of twenty-two the Count entered the Foreign Office in St. Petersburg, and has spent the whole of his subsequent career in that department of the State, rising from position to position, until, on the death of Count Muraviev, he was chosen to succeed him as Foreign Minister.

His services have also been recognised by the plentiful shower of decorations which have descended upon him, holding, as he does, all the Orders of the Empire.

## THE STORY OF THE RUSSIAN ADMIRAL.

ADMIRAL SINOWI PETROWICH ROZHESTVENSKY, the commander of the Baltic Fleet which brought Russia and Britain to the brink of war, is well known in Russia for his great technical knowledge and his almost foolhardy bravery.

He was born in 1848, and after having passed through the school of cadets entered the navy in 1865. He studied particularly for the Marine Artillery, and entered for that purpose the Michael Artillery Academy, out of which he passed in 1873 with distinction.

Rozhestvensky gained popularity in Russia during the Russo-Turkish war of 1877. He commanded the ship *Vesta*, and when he was ordered by his chief, Commander Baronon, to attack the Turkish fleet, though he had only two guns on board, he carried out his instructions with a bravery which almost amounted to foolhardiness.

He was decorated by the Emperor Alexander II., and immediately after the war went to Bulgaria in order to organise the Bulgarian Navy. In 1885 he was sent to London as Naval Attaché, where he remained several years, and wrote some very good essays on the British Navy.

During the Chinese-Japanese war he was commanding the Russian Squadron in the Pacific, and was promoted to the rank of Centre-Admiral in 1898 and appointed chief of the Marine Artillery.

After the death of the Minister of Marine, Tyrtov, Admiral Rozhestvensky was made chief of the Naval General Staff in the place of Admiral Avellan, who was appointed Tyrtov's successor. After Makaroff's death he was appointed Chief of the Third Squadron of the Fleet in the Pacific Ocean, in which position he has made his "unwarrantable blunder."

## HOW DO YOU PRONOUNCE ROZHESTVENSKY?

A REFERENCE to the Russian papers will show at once that the hero of the Baltic spells his name "Rozhestvensky," using the seventh letter of the Russian alphabet, which has the sound of zh (or z in azure) or the French j (this latter, however, is apt to be mispronounced in English as dg).

Out of twenty-two London dailies and weeklies twelve insert an unnecessary d, probably from the word *rozhdstvó*, which means "nativity" or "Christmas," with its adjective *rozhdéstvenski*. Thus we have had during the last few weeks the variations Rozhd, Rojhd, Rojd, and Rozhdíestvenski. Two favour the spellings Rozj and Rosj, while a couple of leading illustrated papers give us "Rozshestvensky."

The remaining six follow the French form, "Rojestvensky." All doubt as to the sound is removed by using the spelling in zh. If the name is to be enrolled in the British history books, let us get it right. Mr. Balfour shirked the name in his great speech. He simply said, "The Russian admiral."

## A BAD OMEN FOR RUSSIA.

SUPERSTITION is one of the greatest curses of the Russian Navy. According to superstitions prevalent among its officers, half the Baltic Fleet, at least, is destined to go ingloriously to the bottom.

The *Kniazsuravoff* is unlucky because she is called after a dead man, the *Borodino* commemorated a lost battle, and the *Admiral Nakhimoff* a lost fleet. *Izumrud* means "emerald," and, as green is the Russians' unlucky colour, it is a misfortune to cruise on the cruiser of that name.

Treated as sailors' superstitions, these are trifles. But they are not sailors', but Russians', superstitions, and whereas they would be mentioned jokingly, if at all, among British officers, they are believed implicitly and spoken of in awed whispers by the inheritors of the Byzantine traditions. Even vulgar national animosities become superstitions in Russian minds.

Sailors and officers alike believe that Germans are the Jonahs, instead of, as they really are, the best sailors on their ships. The officers grimace, and the soldiers cross themselves and spit, at the sight of one of the hated race.

## THE DISAPPOINTED FLEET.

(The following clever verses appeared in the *GLOBE*.)

I suppose we should be thankful,  
Now that Peace has flapped her wing,  
And the cloud of war has vanished,  
And all that sort of thing;  
But reflect, before too gladly  
Such a state of things you greet,  
How dissatisfied and jaundiced  
Are our gallant Channel Fleet.

There was joy in every bosom  
But a day or two ago;  
Every sailor in the squadron  
Longed to set about the foe.  
And the present situation  
Is regarded as a cheat,  
By the disappointed members  
Of our gallant Channel Fleet.

There is sorrow on the cruiser,  
The torpedo-boat is sad,  
And the crew of the destroyer  
Can't help feeling it's too bad;  
And the battleship is savage.  
They don't often get a treat  
Like the one they've been deprived of,  
That unhappy Channel Fleet.

## THE AMBASSADOR WITH THE BIGGEST SALARY.

NO man in London has been more qualified to essay the task of being a peacemaking intermediary between this country and Russia than M. Cambon, the French Ambassador, who has lent his services with this object during the crisis.

In diplomatic circles everywhere he is known as a man who is always the soul of frankness and correctness, and he has, moreover, by long experience, formed the habit of so carefully weighing the value of every word before he speaks it that his utterances have come to be regarded with unusual importance, even for an ambassador.

His appearance is distinguished, and his manners polished, and there is not a more brilliant conversationalist anywhere.

His London residence is at Albert Gate, and is one of the two houses which, when built, were awarded the sobriquet of "The Two Gibaltars," because it was imagined that Cubitt, the builder, had over-reached himself, and that these places would never be taken!

The Embassy is extremely magnificent in its interior appointments, and about two years ago it underwent extensive alterations, a new portion, including a large ball-room, drawing-room, reception-rooms, and other luxurious apartments, decorated in accordance with the ambassador's most perfect taste, being added.

A point worth mentioning is that M. Cambon's salary of £12,000 a year is the plum of the entire diplomatic world. No other ambassador, British, French, or otherwise, receives nearly so much.

# Questions Worth Answering.

## Where do People Eat Seaweed?

In China and other parts of the East gulf-weed is often pickled, and used in salads. It is found floating in vast quantities in some parts of the Atlantic, Pacific, and Indian Oceans. Although a tropical plant, it is occasionally carried by winds and currents to the British coasts.

The fronds are long, with distinct, stalked leaves, and air vessels which resemble berries. The presence of this weed on the Atlantic is regarded as a sure indication of the Gulf Stream, from which it takes its name.

## Who first said "Licked into Shape"?

The phrase "licked into shape" owes its origin to a very ancient fable. In Bailey's Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, fable thirty-three has this heading: "Bears bring forth a Lump of Flesh, and by licking, reduce it to a proper Shape." This tradition that the cubs of bears are cast shapeless, and remain so till the dam has licked them into proper form, is emphasised in Pope's *Dunciad*:

So watchful Bruin forms, with plastic care,  
Each growing lump, and brings it to a bear.

In Shakespeare, too, *King Henry VI.*, part 3, Act III., sc. 2, we find:

Like to a chaos, or an unlicked bear-whelp,  
That carries no impression like the dam.

## Why is Spilling Salt Considered Unlucky?

The dread of spilling salt may be traced to the sacred and sacrificial character of salt in early times, for as the symbol of friendship it was offered to guests before other service, and it is also incorruptible.

Leonardo da Vinci, in his picture of "The Last Supper," represented the traitor Judas overturning the salt-cellar, a dark and ominous foreshadowing of the betrayal.

A writer on the subject of such superstitions says: "To scatter salt by overturning the salt-cellar is very unlucky, and portends a quarrel with a friend, a broken bone, or some bodily misfortune, which may, however, be averted by throwing a small quantity over the head." In the North it is thought unlucky to put salt upon another person's plate; hence the saying—"Help me to salt, help me to sorrow," but evil consequences are avoided by a second helping.

## Can Sound be Photographed?

Sound can be photographed by taking advantage of the motion produced in a tuning fork. Sound travels in waves, each corresponding with an oscillation in the fork, which remains in a state of continuous vibration while the note is sounded.

To photograph these sound waves a small mirror is attached to the end of one of the prongs. On this a powerful beam of light is projected by a lens, so as to strike it at an angle of forty-five degrees. The light is again reflected from its surface, but in a new direction, and a very slight alteration in the position of the mirror makes a large one in the reflected beam.

To take the photograph, the light is turned upon the mirror in a darkened room, and the tuning fork is set in vibration, while a sensitive plate is rapidly passed in the path of the reflected pencil of light. On development, the plate shows sound waves recorded as a wavy line, and each note has its characteristic curves.

## How Old a Practice is Shaving?

It is not improbable that pre-historic man shaved, for curiously-shaped shells, and flint flakes, have been discovered which have been supposed to be very ancient razors. In remote parts of China men have their chins scraped, without water or soap, by instruments very similar to these, and the men of the Stone Age would most likely find out, at a very early stage, that to leave hair upon their face was to give a useful handle to their enemies.

That, indeed, was the reason why Alexander the Great compelled his soldiers to shave; and his order is amongst the earliest definite instances of shaving upon record, although there can be no question that the practice existed long before his day.

The oldest Egyptian sculptures show some men clean shaven, and others partially so, with curled beards. It is recorded in Genesis that Joseph, when he went from prison to the presence of Pharaoh, about 1,500 B.C., "shaved himself and changed his raiment."

## What is Druid Money?

Druid money expresses one of the many plausible ways of refusing to pay at all, so common to all peoples. It is the exact equivalent of the Roman phrase, to pay on the Greek Kalends, which meant never, as the Greeks had no Kalends.

Patricius says of the Druids that they constantly received money which they promised to return in another life. Butler in *Hudibras*, refers to this:

Like money by the Druids borrowed,  
In t'other world to be restored.

The same tricks are played in the Eastern as in the Western world, for Purchas, in his *Pilgrims* tells us of certain priests of Pekin who barter with the people upon bills of exchange, to be paid in Heaven a hundred-fold.

## Where is there a School of Clock-making?

For centuries the Black Forest has been famous for some kind of home industry, and during the first half of the nineteenth century clock-making was especially popular. Then in the early seventies came a check, for machinery began to be introduced into the manufacture of clocks.

The Duke of Baden determined to stem the tide of disaster by founding a school for all sorts of technical instruction connected with the subject in the village of Furtwangen, where the course covers three years, and is both theoretical and practical. The school premises are very fully equipped, and the means of instruction include a large collection of all kinds of tools, instruments, drawings, and models. Factories are often visited under the guidance of teachers. There is a library of books relating to the subject, and the reading-room and the room for drawing are open every day for the use of students.

## Have you ever seen a Pogonip?

A pogonip is the native North American Indian name for a particular kind of fog which is peculiar to Colorado, a State bounded on the South by Indian territory.

The mode in which this fog forms is very singular. As a rule in mountainous districts a fog will form around the top of a high mountain by the deposition of moisture from warm currents of air, which come in contact with the cold rock surface. This cold fog being heavier than the air below, gradually sinks and fills the valley.

The pogonip of Colorado, however, is built up in the opposite direction. The frost in winter is often so intense on the low ground that the process of condensation commences in the valley, and gradually works its way up the mountain sides. The air in those regions is exceptionally dry and light, and this is no doubt the primary cause of this peculiar phenomenon.

## What is Lock-jaw?

Tetanus, or, as it is popularly called, lock-jaw, from one of its most distressing characteristics, is a very formidable disease of the nervous system. Nicolaier, in 1884, and Kitasato in 1889, have proved it to be an infective disease, produced by the inoculation of the drum-stick bacillus. As its favourite haunt is the earth, the disease is most frequently induced in wounds which have been contaminated by soil.

It is marked by involuntary, persistent, and painful contractions of an extensive group of muscles, and usually begins with those of the neck, the jaws, and the throat, the patient having a peculiar fixed smile, "the sardonic grin."

These germs are found to multiply locally in the parts affected, but not in any other part of the body or blood.

## Do Insects Converse?

Many insects possess curious grating organs, which they use to call or charm their mates. The musical apparatus is very simple, the sounds being produced by the rapid motions of a scraper over two small rasps situated on the lower portions of the body. This love-song is nothing more than a rhythmical repetition of the same note, apparently the only one which can be thus produced.

Bees and ants can communicate certain emotions, chiefly those of fear and anger. The queen bee sometimes emits a peculiar humming sound, which throws the whole community into a state of terror, and the young queen, while still in the cocoon, occasionally makes a piping sound which is answered by the queen regnant. Ants converse by touching each other's antennae, and in this manner the whole community can be warned of an impending danger in a very short time.

But this transmission of sensation among members of certain orders of insects hardly deserves to be called conversation, since the call of one insect to another, although usually understood, rarely elicits a reply.

## How Does our Breath Blow Out a Candle?

A burning candle is a gas manufactory on a small scale. The wax or tallow is converted by the heat of the flame into gas, and in that form enters into chemical combination with the oxygen of the surrounding air.

This chemical union causes a very high rise in temperature in the elements concerned, in fact, it produces what we know as flame of fire, which is simply the white-hot molecules of carbon and oxygen. The gas-making process is started by the match in lighting the candle, and is afterwards continued by the flame itself.

Our breath acts in three ways: (1) It carries away the particles of gas bodily. (2) It lowers their temperature at the same time, so that they are no longer capable of entering into chemical union with the oxygen. (3) The breath contains carbonic acid gas which is incapable of supporting combustion, and so helps to extinguish the flame.

## SHOULD WOMEN FLIRT?

It is much Better for them not to, though there may be no Actual Harm in Doing So.

There is an old adage which teaches that pitch must at all costs be avoided, if we wish to keep clean fingers.

Now, we do not say that flirting is quite so inconvenient in its effects as pitch, except, perhaps, in occasional instances, but we do say that flirting is a rock upon which many a good matrimonial craft has been wrecked beyond redemption.

The moment a girl comes to regard flirting as "good fun," she is undoubtedly treading upon dangerous ground; and this because she is playing fast and loose with two or more men, all of whom are probably more or less in love with her, and with more than one of whom it is manifestly impossible that she can contract matrimony.

We will suppose that there is a favoured one—favoured that is, in her own mind, for she is careful to give no undue outward encouragement even to him. Rather does she seek to torment and worry the unfortunate fellow, by a wild "carrying-on" with Nos. 2, 3, and 4, till he is reduced almost to the verge of despair.

But men are differently natured. Some take the thing calmly, relying upon time to shake the matter right.

Some, seized in the grip of the green-eyed monster, once, twice, perhaps even a third time, remonstrated with the fair offender. No satisfactory result following, they retire in high dudgeon, leaving the field to their rivals.

Then there are others, who, taking the matter sadly as well as seriously, cultivate a feeling of deep melancholy, which, as they grow older, develops into a hatred of the other sex.

These are the men who become confirmed bachelors, men who are the despair of women of all ages.

Is there any advantageous reason why girls should thus not only inflict misery upon those who, presumably are sincere in their attachment, but bring into their own lives a decided element of risky uncertainty?

No, there is not, for the very principle upon which it is done will not avowedly hold water.

This principle is neither more nor less than a creation of jealousy in order to draw the desired No. 1 the closer, and the more readily to clench the bonds between them.

Unfortunately for the success of her scheme, the average woman who indulges in the game of flirtation oversteps the mark. The consequence of this is a quarrel, which leads to a complete severance of all connections.

Fortunately for man, however, the majority of women are not only too sensible but too mindful of their own interests, to tamper with their future. Also, they are too womanly, too imbued with the mother-instinct, to trifle with the love of a good man.

Flirting, to a woman of this type, is as abhorrent as it is to the man who is in earnest in his love-making.

It might even be said that flirting is a reproach upon love, is, indeed, antagonistic to it. The term "innocent flirtation" is upon the lips of certain people.

Now, "innocent flirtation" has not any actual existence, inasmuch as flirtation in any sense is, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, designed and pursued in a spirit and with a motive diametrically opposed to innocence, truth, and right feeling.

If it is done to merely pass the time, as the saying is, it is equally as objectionable, for that which has no foundation in love and respect must necessarily be unstable, not dependable, and certainly of little or no value.

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[MR. RENÉ BULL is one of the most distinguished of modern war artists. He has taken part in seven campaigns, and had many strange adventures, one of which he now relates.]

In 1897 I was war artist for BLACK AND WHITE during the Greco-Turkish War. At first I was attached to the Greek army, but, partly of my own free will, for I soon grew heartily disgusted with the cowardly Greeks, and partly because I could not help myself, I ended up with the Turkish forces.

The whole adventure began at the battle of Lerissa. Along with several other war artists and correspondents, I had taken up a position on a hill, well away from the Greek army, but from which a fine view was to be had of the battlefield.

We were watching the fire of the Turkish batteries, and the creeping advance of their skirmishers, when suddenly a shell passed over our heads.

Others quickly followed, and before long it was evident that for some unknown reason, for there were no troops with us, the Turks were concentrating their fire on our hill.

#### AN UNACCOUNTABLE ATTACK.

While a war correspondent's duty is to see as much of the fighting as possible, he must never commit the unpardonable offence in his editor's eyes of getting shot—a live donkey is worth a dead lion any day. So, to put it gently, we retired from that hill, of which I was to hear again.

During the retirement I was slightly wounded by a spent bullet, but that has nothing to do with my story.

Bar this trifling casualty, we got safely away, highly indignant with the Turks for shelling us, and altogether puzzled at their motive in wasting so much ammunition on an undefended spot.

Then came the shameful retreat of the Greeks from Lerissa to Volo. I have never seen anything to equal that panic-stricken rout. We were in far more danger from the retreating Greeks than from the advancing Turks.

It was dangerous to be seen mounted, for they were quite equal to murder for the sake of a horse, and more men were killed, trampled to death by their comrades, than the Turks had accounted for during the battle.

#### FRIENDSHIP WITH THE TURKS

I waited until the rush was over, and then made my way leisurely to Volo. There again the Greeks fled in wild confusion, though the Turks were not within miles of them, and practically the only man left in Volo was the British Consul, serene under the protection of a big Union Jack.

Here I said good-bye to my friend, Mr. Bennet Burleigh, who had accompanied me from Lerissa, as he had urgent business across the gulf.

He promised, however, to return for me. And he did. But that comes later on. I took up my quarters in a deserted hotel, and awaited the arrival of the Turks, whose leaders and forces I was anxious to see.

One fine morning they rode in. I went out and introduced myself to their leader, Edhem Pasha, who received me very kindly. I soon became friends with the officers, and one night I learnt why they had shelled that hill at Lerissa.

#### STORY OF THE ATTACK.

We were talking about the battle there when one of the Turks remarked how very hot they had made it for the Greek Headquarter Staff that day.

"Where did you catch them?" I asked.

"Oh, on that hill to the right of their position. We shelled them right out of it, and I believe killed several of them, though they must have carried away the bodies."

I began to suspect something, and made him explain exactly which hill he meant. And, of course, it was the one on which we had been.

The chagrin of the Turks when I told them they had wasted nearly a hundred rounds of ammunition on a few harmless war correspondents was most amusing to witness.

After a while I got tired of being in Volo, and told the General that I was going away. He was very polite, but equally firm, and said that as I now knew all about their strength, the condition of the troops, and so on, he could not part with me.

I protested, but in vain.

"Very well," said I angrily. "I shall escape."

"You are welcome to try," he retorted suavely. "But I warn you you'll be shot if you are caught."

So there I had to remain to all intents and purposes a prisoner.

One evening when I was returning to my hotel after visiting the British Consul, a man came up to me in the darkness, and, to my great surprise, asked me in English if I knew where Mr. René Bull was.

"I'm him," I replied, forgetful of grammar in the excitement of the moment.

"I've a note from Mr. Bennet Burleigh for you, sir," he said.

I tore it open. "Dear Bull," it ran, "I am here on board H.M.S. Dryad. The bearer will take you to a boat. Come off as soon as you get this."

I needed no second invitation, and followed the sailor down to the shore, where a boat was in readiness. I was just going to get into it, when a gigantic Turk stepped out of the gloom, and, covering me with his rifle, inquired my business.

I answered carelessly that I was just going off to see a friend. But he would have none of it. Two other soldiers by this time had joined him, and there was no chance of making a dash for it.

I protested, said I was an Englishman, and so on. But it was no good. They stolidly refused to let me go until I had shown my passport, and kept me well covered with their guns.

Meanwhile, Mr. Burleigh, on the ship's boat, which was lying close in, hearing the altercation, kept shouting to know what was the matter and why I didn't come off.

It looked very much as if I should have to return ignominiously to my hotel, with possibly a drum-head court-martial to follow—when a happy thought struck me.

In my pocket I had an old passport I had used in Turkey during the Armenian massacres. It was signed by Lord Salisbury and the Sultan of Turkey.

Pretending suddenly to discover it, I handed it over to the soldiers. Of course, they could not read a word of it, but they recognised with ignorant awe the Sultan's seal.

To them this was all-powerful. They lowered their rifles, and allowed me to depart in peace and triumph.

[Next Week:—"Is Cruelty to Children Increasing?" by the Rev. Benjamin Waugh.]

#### A BROKEN HEART.

A little china figure  
On a little bracket sat,  
His little feet were always crossed,  
He wore a little hat.  
And every morning, fair or foul,  
In shine or shadow dim,  
A pretty little housemaid came  
And softly dusted him.  
She took him up so gently,  
With such a charming air,  
His china soul was melted quit:—  
He loved her to despair.  
All day he sat and thought of her  
Until the twilight came,  
And in his china dreams at night  
He breathed her little name.  
One day while being dusted,  
In his joy he trembled so  
To feel her little fingers that,  
Alas! he let him go.  
In vain she tried to grab him back,  
Fate willed it they should part.  
He fell against the fender edge  
And broke his little heart.  
She gathered up his fragments,  
And she told a little lie,  
Expounding to her mistress how  
The cat had made him die.  
And on the following morning, when  
The shutters back she thrust,  
She spoke this little epitaph:  
"There's one thing less to dust!"

"How did your weather prediction turn out?"  
"The prediction was all right," answered the prophet,  
a little sternly, "but somehow or other the weather  
went wrong again."

#### HOW OUR NAVY IS RUN.

A SERIES OF ARTICLES, WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY

LORD CHARLES BERESFORD.

BEING IN THE CURRENT NUMBER OF

SMITH'S WEEKLY.

One Penny Everywhere.

#### "CHARLIE B."

Stories of a Popular Hero—Lord Charles Beresford

##### READY WIT.

Lord Charles Beresford's father, who began life as a clergyman, and ended it as fourth Marquess of Waterford, was a very keen sportsman, and all his sons followed in his footsteps. On one occasion a friend of the family, who did not approve of this kind of education for a clergyman's son, approached the youthful Charles, and observed severely: "Do you suppose that the Apostles shot on the Sabbath Day?" "Perhaps not," was the immediate response, "but I am certain they fished."

##### ONE TOO MANY FOR CARDSHARPERS.

In a train which stopped at Bishop's Stortford a few years ago, a ticket-examiner found three well-dressed men, with first-class tickets in a third-class carriage. Each had a battered face, ruined collars and ties, and were engaged in binding up their wounds. Their sorrowful tale was that they had been ejected by a demon of some description. Going to the carriage indicated, the collector there found Lord Charles Beresford, who explained that because he had declined to play cards with them, the trio had flattened his silk hat, whereupon he had "flattened" them.

##### "FAT IN THE FIRE."

The gallant little admiral once had a Chinese servant called Tom Fat, who learnt to so imitate his master's signature, that he managed to forge cheques to a considerable amount before being discovered. This became known to some of Lord Charles' friends, and on a certain occasion, when, during a political speech, he observed that he thought a Mohammedan or a Buddhist had as good a chance of ultimately getting to Heaven as a Roman Catholic or a Protestant, a friend interjected slyly, "But what about Tom Fat?" "That fat will certainly be in the fire," was the quick response.

##### TALE OF A KNOCKER.

To the hall door of a stately residence in Berkeley Square, London, the home of a well-known peer, was affixed an antique silver knocker, which once adorned the palace of a Venetian noble. Lord Charles Beresford, at the time a young Naval officer, determined to secure this knocker, for the young bloods about town were then afflicted with a mania for knocker wrenching. All efforts to twist it off being of no avail, the gallant sailor, accompanied by a Guardsman, a member of a famous Irish county family, drove up to the door in a hansom at three o'clock one morning. One end of a rope was tied to the knocker and the other end to the hansom. The conspirators entered the cab, and the driver whipped up the horse. Alas! not only the knocker but the panel of the door as well were carried off in triumph. The matter afterwards leaked out, being settled on payment of damages, and the surrender of the knocker. It is on that door to-day.

##### ANOTHER JUVENILE LARK.

At Honolulu, in the Sandwich Islands, once, Lord Charles, and two companions were returning to their ship from a festive evening ashore, when the former descried an effigy of an eagle over a doorway. It was the American Consul's eagle, but that did not deter the future commander of the *Condor* from mounting to his comrade's shoulders and carrying off the prize. Naturally next morning there was a terrible to do. The sequel soon followed. There was a penitential procession of all the young officers aboard young Beresford's ship, H.M.S. *Clio*, with the culprit at their head carrying the eagle. A ladder and tools were brought, and with his own hands, Lord Charles had to fix the "bird" in its old position. Six months later the matter was reported to the British Government.

##### THE ADMIRAL AND THE PARSON.

At the close of one of Lord Charles' meetings during his election campaign in York, a solemn and sedate old clergyman, who had been seated on the platform, came up to the candidate and said, with much gravity: "Allow me, Lord Charles, the pleasure of shaking hands with you. I had the honour of being confirmed, many years ago, by your respected uncle, the Primate of All Ireland." Lord Charles at once shouted in stentorian tones to his brother—Lord William—who was near the door at the other end of the hall: "Bill, Bill, here's an old parson who says he was confirmed by old Uncle John; come up here and have a talk with him."

##### A TALE OF TWO TOPPERS.

It happened in a Yorkshire town famous for its ironworks. In one of the largest foundries, over which the gallant admiral was being conducted, was a massive Nasmyth hammer. Lord Charles was shown how great chunks of iron could be smashed to the thinness of a threepenny-bit, and at the conclusion was invited to place his own silk hat, a new one, beneath the hammer. This he did. Down came the hammer on the roof of the hat—then it suddenly stopped. Replacing the superb topper, Lord Charles turned to one of the escort, a well-known M.P. "Most wonderful," remarked the admiral. "Oh, not at all," said the Member, "they never fail. Now, I'll try mine." He placed his hat similarly beneath the hammer. At a given signal down it came, smashing the hat flatter than a pancake.

# PICKED PARS.

## Valuable Uniforms.

The Bolivian Minister in Paris has been robbed of his official uniforms, which were worth £800.

## Bank's Beer License.

Lloyds Bank at Wolverhampton has a license to sell beer. It is said to be the only bank possessing such a privilege.

## New Use for Bridal Bouquet.

A Cleckheaton bride called at a hospital on her way from church and left her bridal bouquet for the patients.

## Prisons Lighted by Electricity.

In order to obviate the possibilities of suicide by gas, the electric light has been installed in 400 cells in Holloway Gaol.

## Bracelet in a Fish.

A Havre fisherman is the proud wearer of a beautiful gold bracelet which she found in a cod caught by her husband.

## Wiped out by Smallpox.

The population of the township of Tchaouisk, near Wilniak, inhabited by the Yakouts, has been entirely wiped out by smallpox.

## Emulating the English.

As a result of a visit to London, the Zurich Chief of Police is teaching his men to walk with dignity, to be polite to the public, and to show more coolness in difficulties, "like the English."

## Boom in Pat Murphys.

Pat Murphy has obtained damages against the Cunard Company for wrongful detention. He was mistaken for another of the seven Pat Murphys among the crew of the liner on which he served.

## Footballers' Fake Names.

A large number of students of Columbia University, New York, are playing football under assumed names, so that their parents, who have forbidden them to play, may not discover their disobedience.

## Hares in the Street.

Hares have been very numerous near Hungerford recently, and several during the past few days have been seen in the principal streets of the town. Three have been killed within a few yards of the Town Hall.

## Railway Without Rolling Stock.

There is in existence in London a railway company that possesses no rolling stock. It is the West London Extension Railway. All the other great railway companies use the line, but the W. L. E. R. only possess the metals.

## Radiotelegrammes can be Sent.

The wireless telegraphy station at Ushant is now open for business. The charge is sevenpence halfpenny per word in addition to the ordinary telegraphic rate. All telegrams must bear after the address the word "Radiotelegramme."

## Coaxing the Birds.

A New England ornithologist has suggested a scheme to induce singing birds to remain in the north instead of going south for the winter. He thinks the object could be effected by a general building of bird houses, where the songsters might shelter.

## Securing Her Husband.

In order to prevent her fiancé from spending on drink, the money which she had given him to buy refreshments for the wedding feast, a Pittsburg girl, with the assistance of a policeman, tied him to a chair for the night. The next morning she kissed him fondly, unbound him, and led him to the altar.

## Three Kinds of Shaves.

A recent traveller in the South of France discovered at Perpignan the following sign hung out in front of a barber's shop. The spelling in the original French was somewhat weak, but the sentiment expressed was so excellent that the traveller took a note of it. It ran: "Ordinary shave, 2d. Careful shave, 2½d. Shave in which every care is taken, 3d."

## Servia's Strong Man.

At the recent Olympian games in Karlsruhe, a Servian named Radolovitch got the Prince Max prize of honour for heavyweight throwing. With one hand he can lift a 170lb. weight above his head, while with both hands he has been known to raise 216lbs. He can bend a five-shilling piece between his fingers, and tear a pack of cards in two at one wrench.

## School Boys Strike.

Disciplinary measures by the parents, such as whipping, and interference by the police having alike failed to break up a strike among the pupils of the Forty-Second Street School in Brooklyn, the superintendent induced a very pretty little girl, a great favourite in the school, to go among the boys and try her powers. She coaxed and cajoled until she had won over the strike committee, who ordered all the boys to return to their studies.

## Port Arthur Pianos.

There is a piano dealer in Hamburg who has a firm belief in the virtues of topicality. One of his advertisements appears in a local paper, and is as follows:—"A unique opportunity. To be sold, at greatly reduced prices, pianos, grand or cottage models, in rosewood, walnut, and other cases. These magnificent instruments were manufactured to complete orders from Port Arthur, but have been taken into stock in consequence of the siege."

## Pawnshop as Savings Bank.

An East London woman, whose money practically burns a hole in her pocket, has hit upon the novel method of saving half-a-sovereign until the latter part of the week. Directly she receives her husband's money she makes her way to the pawnbroker's, and pledges half-a-sovereign. She obtains 1s. on it, and redeems it about Wednesday or Thursday. It costs her 1d. per week—viz., 1d. for the ticket and 1d. interest. The pawnbroker is used to her peculiar transaction, and takes it as a matter of course.

## STORM SIGNALS.

EVERYONE is familiar with the phrase in the papers that the south or north cone has been hoisted, though perhaps they are ignorant of its meaning. In most



important seaport towns cones are hoisted on long poles so that they may be seen by all outgoing mariners. The hoisting of these signals is a sign that there is likely to be a storm from the quarter indicated by the signal used. An inverted cone signifies that the gale will probably come from the south, and one in an upright position denotes a storm from the north. At night small lights are fixed to each corner of the cones. The existence of an atmospheric disturbance is usually only signalled if it occurs within a distance of fifty miles.

## TO KEEP POACHERS AWAY.

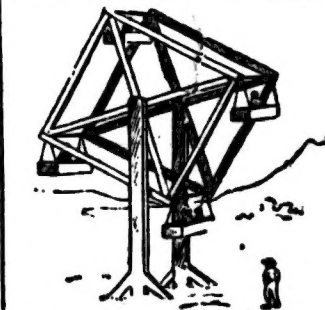
A FAVOURITE method of poachers is to drag nets across fields where there is likely to be game. To put

a stop to this, owners of land stick branches of thorn bushes in the ground all over their property, with the result that when the poachers come at night and start on their nefarious work, their nets are torn to pieces and rendered useless for capturing their prey. Most evil-doers steer clear of "twigged" land, and this simple way of protecting the game is often more effective than the most elaborate and expensive of poacher traps. When once a net is caught on the thorns it is impossible to remove it without irreparable damage.



## THE "BIG WHEEL" IN INDIA.

THE London crowds who have been enjoying themselves on the "Big Wheel" at Earl's Court must not



flatter themselves that England is the only country boasting such a form of amusement. In far away India the coolies in the hill districts have enjoyed themselves for many years by whirling slowly round in cars fixed to revolving wooden frames. As will be seen, there are only four cars, each capable of holding from two to three persons. While the "wheels" are only roughly and clumsily

constructed, they contain all the elementary principles of the London article, and give as much entertainment to the hard-worked natives as the most elaborate apparatus our Western ingenuity can show.

## WATCH FOR THE LINES.

If you are fond of sardines, here is something that will be useful for you to know. On nearly every box containing these delicacies will be found two parallel lines cut in the top. The distance between the lines denotes the size of the fish—whether those in the tin are small, medium, or large. Of course, the smaller the

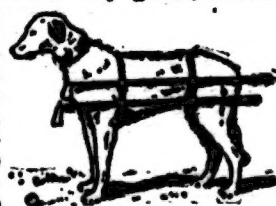


sardines, the better is their flavour, and therefore the boxes with the lines close together contain the finest fish. Some dishonest firms are very fond of selling pilchards to their customers and calling them sardines; but if you make up your mind never to buy a box unless it has the two closely drawn lines, you may be certain of obtaining the article you asked for.

## A DOG "CADDY."

ALMOST every day new uses are being found for our domestic animals. The latest innovation is a dog "caddy." The canine in question, a Russian deerhound, is the property of an enthusiastic lady golfer, and she

has trained it to find the golf balls and also to carry her clubs. The latter are fixed in a kind of harness buckled round the dog's body. The success which has attended this experiment is likely to lead up to great things. How infinitely alluring must be the idea of a dumb "caddy" to the aspiring novice at the game. The grins of the boys when bad strokes are made must be extremely disconcerting to one not sure of his play.



## Grand Stand as School.

The grand stand on Chester racecourse is to be utilised as a temporary school for girls.

## Spinners' Massage Club.

A "Mutual Massage Club," for smoothing out one another's wrinkles, has been started by Chicago spinners.

## No Seats for Spectators.

So inadequate is the accommodation in the Denbighshire police courts that the general public bring camp-stools with them.

## Special Trains for Politicians.

Always enterprising, the Baltimore and Ohio Railway Company during the recent presidential election ran separate trains for Democratic and Republican travellers.

## Dog to Protect Hospital.

Southgate District Council has been presented by Councillor Smith with a dog. It will be kept for the protection of the local hospital.

## Youthful Organists.

Among the applications for a situation as church organist, two of the candidates state they have been organists since they were seven years of age.

## Golf Links on an Old Camp Site.

It is not generally known that the Sunningdale golf links are laid out on the exact spot where the Brigade of Guards camped before leaving England for the Crimean war.

## Play on the Maybrick Case.

The trial and prison life of Mrs. Maybrick are to be made the subject of a play which will shortly be staged in New York. Queen Victoria has been introduced as one of the characters.

## Apples for Pigs.

Fallen apples are practically unsaleable this year owing to their abundance. It is no uncommon sight in the Eastern counties to see pigs turned out in the orchards to consume the fallen fruit.

## Marriage by Writing.

Owing to the deafness of a bride, married at Tiverton Wesleyan Church, the officiating clergyman wrote out for her the questions in the marriage service and pointed to the writing as he paused for the replies.

## The Beggar's Kit.

"You have a regular beggar's kit," said the Lambeth magistrate to a prisoner, whose pockets contained a pen-knife, some tobacco, 8½d., seven packets of needles, and some tea, sugar, and bread.

## Well in the City.

It will be news to many to know that, right in the heart of the City, in Cornhill, there exists a well which has given an unfailing supply of water for 622 years. It is just outside the Royal Exchange.

## Poor, but Proud.

At a meeting of the Walsingham (Norfolk) Guardians it was reported that an old woman, aged eighty-one, had refunded to the Guardians £10. She was in receipt of out-door relief for some time when she was repaid £10 which she had lent. She at once handed it over to the Guardians.

## India's Home-Made Guns.

The new gun factory which is to be established by the Indian Government at Ichapur will have a much more important character than was originally expected. It will not only be able to turn out close upon thirty thousand weapons annually, but to manufacture the component parts of the weapon. India, in fact, will be self-supporting.

## Polygon-Shaped Coins.

Many travellers in France have made the mistake of confounding the 25-centime nickel-piece with that more valuable coin the franc. There have been so many complaints on this score that the 5-sou nickel piece is now made polygonal in shape, that it may be easily distinguished from the silver coin. The first issue of the new shape took place a week or two ago.

## Degrees for Sale.

The Vice-Chancellor of the Chicago degree factory, the Universitas Nationalis Illinoensis, is said to be in New South Wales hawking degrees, the current market rates of his wares are as follows:—£15 each: B.A., B.D., B.F., B.Surg., B.Sc., M.A., M.B., Mus. B., Ph.B., Ph.M., B.Lit., M.Lit., S.T.B., Mus. M. £20 each: B.D.S., B.Ph., B.C.L., C.E., D.D., D.Lit., D.S., Ph.D., LL.B., LL.M., Mus.D., M.E., S.T.D. £25 each: D.C.L., LL.D., M.D., D.V.S., D.D.S.

## Bell Rings After 300 Years' Silence.

The bell at the modern church of Llandeud, in Monmouthshire—a church built about fifty years ago—has a curious history. The present building was erected on the site of a pre-Reformation church, and whilst the building was in hand a local farmer offered to give an old bell which was in one of his barns. The offer was gladly accepted, and the bell turned out to be the original bell from old Llandeud, which, after some 300 years' silence, once more calls people to church.

## Modern Ali Baba's Cave.

A regular Ali Baba's cave has been discovered by the French police near Havre, where a man with a gun was seen lurking suspiciously behind a rock. As it was supposed that a band of smugglers was operating in the district, a detachment of police was sent, with the result that, at some distance behind the rock, an opening was discovered leading to a subterranean gallery. Exploring this, revolver in hand, the police came upon two extensive chambers showing signs of comparatively recent occupation and full of goods recognised as the product of robberies in the surrounding country. The contents of the cave loaded a large van.

## ATTACKS ON NON-COMBATANTS.

Parallels to the Baltic Fleet Outrage.

THE grave outrage which has been perpetrated by the Russian Baltic Fleet in the North Sea upon unoffending British fishermen, astounding as it is, is not unprecedented in history, though hitherto such episodes have been confined to barbaric nations.

In 1878 Yakoub Khan, the Ameer of Afghanistan, by the Treaty of Gundamak, undertook to be guided by Britain in his relations with foreign countries, and agreed to accept a British Resident in Calul. Accordingly, Sir Louis Cavagnari, our envoy, took up his residence in the Afghan capital. Almost immediately after, some of the Ameer's troops broke out into mutiny, and shouting, "Let us kill the envoy and then the Ameer," rushed to the Residency and attacked it.

The mutineers were joined by the people of the city, and Sir Louis Cavagnari was severely wounded in the forehead by a bullet. Word was sent to the Ameer, who was perfectly cognisant of what was in progress, but no answer came. The young officers of Cavagnari's suite made a heroic resistance for four hours against the mob of assailants, but the Residency was fired.

Despairing of succour then, the surviving heroes of the Embassy charged out in a body, but they all perished with the exception of one trooper, who managed to escape and carry the terrible tidings to the British camp. At the news Earl (then General) Roberts marched upon Calul, captured the city, punished those who had been concerned in the murders, and sent Yakoub Khan prisoner to India.

In 1868 Theodore, monarch of Abyssinia, imprisoned Consul Cameron, and beat to death three servants of the consulate, because one chanced to put his hand to his mouth. This was alleged to be an insulting act, to be biting his thumb at the emperor. Captain Cameron and all the missionaries and other Europeans in Magdala were thrown into chains, and threatened with diabolical tortures. Queen Victoria declared war, and Sir Robert Napier—afterwards created Lord Napier of Magdala—stormed and took Theodore's rock stronghold. The Abyssinian king shot himself as our troops entered the town.

Our second war with China, in 1856, was caused by an outrage of the Chinese police upon a small native ship called a "lorcha," flying the British flag. The vessel was boarded in the Canton river, and her crews arrested without rhyme or reason. Sir John Bowring, British Minister at Hong-Kong, demanded an apology and restitution of the vessel. This was refused, and Canton was then shelled by our fleet, a flotilla of junks destroyed, and a suburb burnt. Canton was stormed, after a bombardment by the British and French allied troops, and Commissioner Yeh, the Chinese official who had refused reparation, was taken, and sent prisoner to Calcutta.

In 1757 occurred an incident which was admitted to be an outrage against humanity, though the two nations concerned were actually at war. This was the seizure by a French privateer of Mr. John Smeaton, the famous builder of the third Eddystone Lighthouse, and his men while at work on the rock. The whole company of unoffending artificers, numbering about thirty, were confined in the hold of the Frenchman, and subjected to the harshest treatment.

Their captors attempted to destroy their work, and then took them into Boulogne, where they were shut up in the common prison. Smeaton sent a complaint to the Governor, setting forth that he and his men were not belligerents, but were benefiting all mankind, without distinction of nationality, in building a lighthouse when they were made prisoners. The Governor forwarded the letter to the French King, who on reading it exclaimed indignantly that he was not at war with humanity, and ordered the captain of the privateer to restore all the tools and other property he had carried off, and to safely transport Mr. Smeaton and the other Englishmen back to the lighthouse.

In 1862 the Federals were blockading Charleston, and a British merchantman named the *Emily St. Pierre* was seized by them as a blockade-runner.

She was not running the blockade, however. She was on a voyage from Calcutta to New Brunswick, and her master, Captain Wilson, was endeavouring at the time to learn if a blockade existed.

The Yankees refused to hear his explanation, took all his crew off with the exception of the cook and the steward, and put a prize crew aboard consisting of three officers and twelve men.

The vessel was being taken to Philadelphia, when Captain Wilson, smarting under the outrage, enlisted the assistance of his two associates, and the three succeeded by stratagem and bold action in overpowering the fifteen men-of-war-men, and recovering command of the ship.

Not the least glorious part of Captain Wilson's achievement was his bringing her then safely to Liverpool, with his prisoners fuming under hatches.

The owners of the ship gave him 2,000 guineas, and the Liverpool merchants presented him with a magnificent testimonial of their admiration of his gallantry. The Americans afterwards claimed the vessel as their lawful prize, but the British Government refused to give her up.

## NEW CONTEST.

**1 Life Insurance Policy value £250**  
**1 Life Insurance Policy value £100**

*With the Premiums fully paid for the First Year.*  
**GIVEN AWAY THIS WEEK.**

These Insurance Policies will be issued by

## THE MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW YORK,

which is a guarantee of their sterling value. The funds of this Company are £81,981,491 and its income £15,901,431. Moreover, since its incorporation the Company has distributed amongst its policy holders or their representatives £130,021,676.

### THE CONDITIONS UNDER WHICH THESE POLICIES MAY BE WON.

Every reader of *Pearson's Weekly* between the ages of 18 and 50 is eligible to compete for the prizes, those readers engaged in hazardous occupations or suffering from disease being alone debarred. Any reader who is debarred under these conditions, or who fails to satisfy the Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York regarding his health, may nominate a friend.

Below will be found five questions, to the first four of which only the answer "Yes" or "No" must be given. Regarding the fifth, you must write your opinion of the answer in not more than fifty words. First of all fill in, in ink, the answers to the first four questions, together with the other particulars on the coupon below, cut it out, and paste it at the top of a sheet of paper. Then, underneath, write, in ink, your opinion of the answer to the fifth question. When you have done this, put the sheet of paper in an envelope addressed to the Editor, *Pearson's Weekly*, Henrietta Street, London, W.C., and send it so as to arrive not later than by first post on Thursday, November 24th. Mark your envelope "Weekly Contest" in the top left-hand corner.

The prizes will go to the two competitors from whom the Editor receives the correct answers to the first four questions. In the event of a tie, they will be awarded to those competitors whose opinions regarding the answer to the fifth question are considered the best.

The Editor's decision in all matters concerning this competition is final and conclusive, and competitors may enter only on this understanding.

17.11.04.

|                                                             |                                    |
|-------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------|
| 1. Are all King Edward's children married?                  | 3. Was there ever a tax on widows? |
| 2. Is Westminster Abbey in the City of London?              | 4. Is rhubarb a fruit?             |
| 5. Should husbands consult their wives on business matters? |                                    |
| Name..... Occupation .....                                  |                                    |
| Address .....                                               |                                    |

## ANOTHER CONTEST WILL APPEAR NEXT WEEK IN WHICH ONE POLICY OF £250 AND ONE POLICY OF £100 WILL BE OFFERED.

MR. SMYTHE: "I think Miss Debutante is just as pretty as she can be."

MISS SPITER: "Most girls are that."

"AND are they really so rich?"  
"Well, they can afford the three C's."  
"What three C's?"  
"Chaufeur, connoisseur, and chef."

### HOW THE TSAR PROPOSED.

THE story of the Tsar's betrothal is quite interesting. Although the great question had been planned and thought out for the Royal couple by their respective parents, they were both determined to have a say in the matter.

That they were in love with each other everyone knew, and between themselves a mutual understanding had been arrived at in the summer-house of York Cottage; but, as Tsarevitch, the future Tsar had to make the formal and old-fashioned offer of his hand.

"The Emperor, my father," he said, addressing the blushing bride-to-be, "has commanded me to make you the offer of my hand and heart."

"My grandmother, the Queen," replied the present Tsarina, "has commanded me to accept the offer of your hand"—she broke into a rippling laugh—"and your heart I take of my own free will."

"WEAKFISH tells me he has recovered from his attack of brain exhaustion."

"Yes, there was nothing left for the exhaustion to work upon."

THE PROFESSOR: "Do things grow rapidly in your part of the country?"

Young Housekeeper: "I should say they do. When I order lamb from the butcher it always grows to mutton on the way home."

"My ears are burning terribly," remarked Mrs. Simpson. "Somebody must be talking about me."

"Wouldn't doubt it a bit," responded Mr. Simpson. "I see that another family is moving into the house that we moved out of, and you know the condition you left it in."

SHE: "They say that persons of opposite qualities make the happiest marriages."

HE: "That's why I am looking for a girl with money."

MOTHER: "Willie, what's Tommy crying for?"

WILLIE: "Only because he doesn't want to learn anything. I just took his sweets and showed him how to eat them, and he screamed."

### A SCHOOL OF SLUMBER.

A SCHOOL for sleep is the latest notion. Herein are pupils to be taught the art of slumbering gracefully and in such a way that the sleeper shall not only look well whilst in repose, but shall unfailingly awake good-tempered, energetic, cheerful, and agreeable in appearance.

Ladies are to be taught how best to arrange the hair so that asleep and awake it shall look becoming, and they are also to be trained in the art of composing their limbs.

Of course, snoring is to be cured, and the disfiguring habit of sleeping open-mouthed is at once checked. In course of time, at this rate, we ought really to be the most beautiful race in the world.

The only difficulty one perceives in the way of these wonderful methods of beautifying is that there are only a certain number of hours in each day, and by the time one has had lessons in this and that, taken prescribed exercises, rest cures, and so on, there will be no time left to live and enjoy oneself.

THERE may be honour among thieves, but there isn't much honesty.

"I NEVER give to beggars on the road," remarked a young man to a fellow who had asked him for help.

"Will yer honour oblige me with yer name and address, and I'll call on yer?" was the retort.

MISS HARDCASHE: "Did you say you were nearly related to the Ponsonby family?"

MISS MILLIONS: "Oh, yes; my sister once accepted Lord Ponsonby's brother's youngest son—but the match fell through."

## Fighting Forts with Meat Missiles.

The Humorous Side of War.

Lord Charles Beresford's Life was Once Saved, in a Curious Way, by a Donkey.

While During the War with Spain Patriotic American Citizens Killed Off all their Spanish Poultry.

LORD CHARLES BERESFORD is famous not only as a brave and gallant sailor, but as the possessor of a keen sense of humour under all circumstances.

In the battle of Abu Klea against the Mahdi's forces in 1898, Lord Charles on one occasion found himself near the corner of the British square which the enemy had at last succeeded in breaking.

For a few terrible moments the square was filled by a mob of yelling dervishes, hacking right and left of them. Losing their heads, some of our soldiers began to fire across the square into the scething mass of friend and foe.

It was at this moment of danger that the gallant Rear-Admiral was knocked clean head-over-heels by the sudden rush of a donkey, which, hacked almost to death by the dervish swords, fell upon him and kept him out of harm's way. It was a fortunate accident for Lord Charles, for the destruction of life was terrible.

At last he extricated himself from beneath the donkey.

"Now, I call that a brotherly deed!" he coolly exclaimed, as he slowly rose and brushed the dust from his uniform.

### PARADING IN "UNDRESS" UNIFORM.

In the Ashanti war of 1874 occurred an amusing incident which is without parallel in the annals of the British Army.

A large force of British soldiers, under the command of Sir Archibald Alison, at one time found themselves on the banks of the Ordah, with the Ashantis hurrying on in force upon their rear, while darkness was approaching, and to make matters worse, the river was rising fast.

In this extremity, Sir Archibald ordered the whole of the white troops to strip and to ford the river, taking with them only their helmets and Sniders, held at arm's length above the stream. Their clothing was made up into bundles and carried over by the natives on their heads. It was a moment of great anxiety, for the water was up to the chins of the tall men.

Before the last of the party had crossed the river, it was quite dark, and the natives, in packing up the clothes, had not noticed those of one man who had undressed at the foot of a tree.

### JOKING WITH SHELLS.

Consequently, the unfortunate "Tommy" had to pass the night, a very wet one, in his blanket, and actually paraded the next morning with nothing more than a helmet and rifle. The incident caused immense laughter, but, luckily, the clothes were afterwards found and given to the shivering private.

The Boer war, too, was not without its lighter side. During the siege of Kimberley, the stolid Dutchmen were surprised by a number of shells being thrown into their lines marked with the following satirical message: "With Cecil Rhodes' compliments."

Again, during a most exciting football match between two teams selected from the men of the Gordon Highlanders, the Boers, catching sight of the unusual spectacle, temporarily interrupted the game by ploughing up the centre of the ground with shells.

All our "Tommies" did was to fill up the hole and recommence, as unconcerned as if the spot were a London recreation ground.

### CHASED BY RUSSIANS.

The same light-heartedness in a time of danger was shown by the captain of the P. and O. steamer *Mongolia*, one of the first British vessels to be chased by the Russian fleet in the present Russo-Japanese war.

When 460 miles north of Aden and outward bound from London to Sydney, the *Mongolia* encountered a Russian battleship and four destroyers. One of the destroyers endeavoured to cut her off, but failed.

Then all the Russian squadron started off on an amusing chase, but still being unable to overtake the liner, at last signalled to her to stop. This the *Mongolia* did instantly.

The leading destroyer, having approached nearer, subjected the liner to a close scrutiny, which, being satisfactory, signalled to her the message, "Beg to be excused," and allowed the vessel its freedom.

That tough old sea-dog, Admiral Blake, had a grim kind of humour, as the little joke played upon the Spanish authorities at Cadiz, clearly shows.

When merely the captain of a small merchant

vessel, Blake, on one occasion, made a short stay in the city. Among his effects landed at the Custom House was a barrel, whose contents he declared were "salt provisions for the captain's private consumption."

The Customs authorities were not satisfied. Breaking open the cask, to their horror out tumbled two score of human heads, which had formerly had a place on the shoulders of the crew of one of the dreaded warships of the Barbary pirates. Blake had met, beaten, and captured the vessel in a single-handed battle. The King of Spain hearing of the exploit, summoned Blake to Madrid and loaded him with honours.

Of another sort was the humour displayed by Admiral Duncan just previous to the terrible engagement of Camperdown. The formidable Dutch squadron, it will be remembered, was under the command of Admiral De Winter. As is customary before a big battle, Admiral Duncan spoke a few words of encouragement to the men assembled. His speech was curt and to the point.

"Gentlemen," he remarked, pleasantly, "you see a very severe Winter approaching, and I have only to advise you to keep up a good fire." That same day the Dutch lost eleven vessels, the response evoked by the British admiral's little pleasantry.

### SHELLING A FORT WITH POTTED MEAT.

A very humorous incident once took place in a little war waged between the native Indians and the troops of the United States. A fort in the possession of the white men was being besieged by a considerable force of the natives, and, as its defenders absolutely refused to surrender, the Indians determined to starve them out.

After a siege of several days the beleaguered garrison found themselves in serious difficulties owing to their stock of food having become exhausted. To make matters worse, a fresh supply which had been sent for them, fell into the hands of the enemy. It nearly became a matter of choosing between surrender and starvation.

Relief, however, came in the most extraordinary manner. Amongst the things captured by the Indians was a mortar, and under the impression that the hundreds of tins of meat, fish, and other comestibles found amongst the spoil, were a new kind of shot, they loaded the mortar with them and fired the tins into the fort!

### NO SPANISH ONIONS WANTED.

The miniature war which we waged two or three years ago against the Aros in West Africa was not without a few comical incidents.

After the occupation of Aro-Chuku, their chief stronghold, the natives attempted to regain possession, by the aid of some native cannon, which, somehow, managed to pick up the range so accurately that on one occasion a solid ball of lead, about the size of a cricket ball, was dropped into the middle of the band one evening and temporarily interrupted the music.

During the Spanish-American war the American hatred of the Spaniards assumed really ludicrous proportions. All over the United States Spanish onions were subjected to a rigorous boycott; and the patriotic farmers of Westchester County, New York State, even went so far as to kill off all the Spanish poultry they owned.

The Spaniards, on the other hand, were equally embittered. In one Spanish town the inhabitants actually attacked and disfigured a monument erected to the memory of Christopher Columbus, one of the greatest men connected with Spain. In their blind rage, they reviled him for having discovered America!

### VIGO AND DRAKE.

Vigo, on the west coast of Spain, is a port which figures prominently in the Naval annals of Britain, but the present is the first time that we have settled our quarrels there by conference and protocol instead of by the gun and cutlass. Our Elizabethan heroes were well acquainted with the bay and port, where they frequently called, if not, perhaps, for the purpose of coaling.

In 1589 Drake, hearing that the Spanish Plate galleons had arrived there, sailed into the bay with twenty-five ships, and, in spite of the batteries, armed with 20,000 men, attacked at once, and in two hours destroyed and captured the combined fleets of France and Spain, thus setting an example which Nelson was to imitate later on. The bulk of the treasure was said to have been thrown into the sea, but still remains to be discovered. The place was again attacked by Lord Cobham in 1719, and almost destroyed.

"Why, Pat, your stockings are on wrong side out."  
"I know; there's a hole on the other side."

SHE: "They say there are microbes in kisses."  
He: "Nonsense. What dangerous disease do they develop into?"  
She: "Marriage, sometimes."

WITHERBY: "I say, did you recommend that cook of ours to my wife?"  
Plankington: "Yes, I believe so."  
Witherby: "Well I wish you would come round to-night and take dinner with us."

## NEW AND STRANGE.

All About Some of the Latest Inventions and Discoveries.

THE latest idea in umbrellas is to have an attachment fitted on your shoulder to hold the umbrella, thus leaving both hands free. The gamp can be fixed at any angle, and it is provided with a shorter stick than is usual with the ordinary umbrella.

A new tube for the baby's feeding bottle is to be commended on account of its sanitary quality—namely, that it can be turned inside out for the purpose of cleaning. The old form of tube is usually condemned by medical men, so this one should find great favour.

OSMOND is the name given to a new fuel. It is made from peat by electrically driving out all the moisture contained in it, and then grinding the residue to powder. Balls and briquettes of this fuel are being tried; it has no smell, burns to a fine ash, and throws out great heat.

THE danger of using paper for decorations at Christmas-time will now be a thing of the past. Messrs. S. Guitermann and Co. Ltd., 35 and 36 Aldermanbury, London, E.C., are selling frosted crepe paper of all colours, which is absolutely fireproof. It will be most effective for decorative purposes.

AN Austrian has made a shell that will make the war of the future a very simple affair, and there will be no killed. The shell is filled with a special gas, invented by the maker of the shell, which is diffused on the shell bursting, and makes all the soldiers near it insensible and consequently useless.

AN idea for preventing the frequent breaking of boot-laces, which occurs in men's boots by reason of the top hooks more than from any other cause, is to have small rings fitted on the hooks and then run the laces through the rings. This obviates the cutting of the lace by the sharp edges, and it is quite easy to lace the boots.

THE latest invention in boat-building is the invention of a French engineer. He places two skiffs together, couples a motor between them, and makes this drive a propeller lying between the two skiffs at the stern. The boat does not cut through the water, but glides over the surface, and requires only one-third the motive power needed by other boats.

SOME boot manufacturers are using what is called a vamp-stay. This is a special contrivance in webbing, sewn in when the lining is stitched, and running from the toe to the instep; it is claimed that this will prevent the wrinkling of the boot, particularly the patent leather boot, and enable it to retain the smooth appearance which it possesses when it leaves the hands of the makers.

THE special advantage of the "Empress" patent tea infuser is that it is so easy to keep clean. It is of the same shape as an ordinary tea infuser, but, instead of being all one piece and perforated, it is fitted with a detachable bottom, through which the water will filter without taking any tea-leaves with it. This infuser is made of daintily decorated earthenware, and can be had for 1s. 9d., post free, from Messrs. Ellen and Co., 16 Billiter Buildings, Billiter Street, London, E.C.

A FASCINATING puzzle to while away a few spare moments is the Russo-Japanese Railway Puzzle. This consists of a representation of a military train, composed of an engine and eight cars so mounted on a wood block that they can quite easily be made to slide. The object of the puzzle is to reverse the position of the cars in the fewest number of moves. Full directions are given with the puzzle, which can be had from Messrs. Hamley Bros., of Holborn and Regent Street, and Mr. John Heywood, Shoe Lane, London.

THE grandfather clock is always very popular, but it is sometimes felt that the space taken up by the case could be used to better advantage. Messrs. J. R. Mally and Co., 15 Goswell Road, London, E.C., have just put on the market a clock of the grandfather style, the case of which is fitted up as an umbrella-stand and boot cupboard, besides containing hooks on which brushes can be hung. These clocks are made in mahogany, inlaid, and have an eight-day movement with gong striker. In height they are 6ft. 10in., width 18in., depth 10in. The price is £3 10s., carriage paid.

ASART from the general advantages gained by the use of Sparklet Syphons on the ground of cleanliness and convenience, occasions frequently arise on which it is difficult or impossible to obtain aerated water—either soda water or any of the natural spring waters which one sees advertised. It is then that with a Sparklet Syphon one can produce in a few minutes any quantity of a large variety of deliciously cool and healthy beverages. The mechanism is extremely simple; you only have to put water in the bottle, add the necessary mineral water tablet or fruit crystal, screw on the top, and then fix the bulb. The bulb contains pure compressed carbonic acid gas, which automatically mixes with the water and produces aeration. Full particulars, together with prices, can be obtained from Aerators Limited, Angel Road, Edmonton, London, N.

THERE has been a lot of talk recently about automatic servants, and we certainly have one in the shape of the Automatic Tea-maker. All you have to do before you go to sleep at night is to set the alarm of the clock to whatever hour you wish to be aroused. When that hour comes round, your automatic servant strikes a match and lights a lamp; this boils one pint of water in about five minutes, and pours it out into the pot containing your tea or coffee or cocoa, as the case may be, without any human aid whatever. Then it puts out the light and rings a bell to tell you that everything is ready. It can be used not only for making tea, but for boiling water for shaving and preparing warm foods of any sort for infants or invalids. This marvellous little arrangement, which is simple, yet in no sense a toy, may be had from the manufacturers, the Automatic Tea-maker Company (Department E), 26 Corporation Street, Birmingham.

## FORTUNES IN FRAUDS.

Swindles that have Beaten all Records.

THE amount of money and labour which "high-class" swindlers will expend in bringing their plans into operation is remarkable. The ordinary burglar will consider five pounds a large sum to spend on a job. Not so the artist in crime. He spends thousands. He risks much because he plays for high stakes.

One of the most remarkable swindles was that initiated by a Spaniard named Bianco. No novelist has ever penned a tale so romantic as the account of this sharper's roguery in the case of the great Havana card swindle.

Bianco commenced operations by buying an enormous number of packs of cards. He opened every pack, carefully marked each card, and skilfully refastened the packets so that it was impossible to detect that the pack had been opened. These operations were tedious, and a couple of years were occupied by them. Then Bianco shipped his vast stock of marked cards to Havana, where they were sold at such low prices that the island dealers would stock no others.

By the time Bianco himself reached Havana his cards were distributed all over the place. He joined the best clubs, and, with the aid of the money he possessed, and his cards, soon became rich. All was going well until a Frenchman named Laforcade informed him that he was a sharper.

Laforcade was also a rogue, a lower kind of rogue than the Spaniard. He had obtained possession of several packs of cards from one of the principal clubs. His intention was to mark the cards, and then to replace them in the club stores.

To his astonishment, he discovered that somebody had marked the cards already. He obtained several other packs and found that they were marked also. He went to the dealers and bought packs; every card was marked. Thus he discovered the great fraud.

He soon tracked the man who always won, and compelled him to share his gains. Bianco had to do the sharpening, while Laforcade spent the money.

When Bianco came to the conclusion that the original stock of his cards was becoming exhausted, he laid his hands on every penny he could find, and bolted, leaving the Frenchman in the lurch.

Laforcade being left without funds was compelled to abandon his idle ways. He cheated at cards, bungled, and was detected. When brought before the tribunal the whole of the remarkable facts of the gigantic swindle came to light.

The evidence proved that Bianco was the guilty party. He was never heard of after he left the island.

It could not be proved that Laforcade knew that the cards were marked. He was acquitted, but was obliged to leave Havana. So ended the most remarkable case of its kind on record.

The prince of modern forgers was found dead in Cairo a short time ago. His favourite method was to obtain a circular letter of credit, and to use it time after time upon different bankers. He removed the indorsement, showing that money had been drawn out, by means of chemicals.

He bought a letter of credit for £50, and obtained a total of £1,400 for it from different Continental bankers. Captain Bevan, as he called himself, was a clever artist.

In some of his frauds he went so far as to cut away a portion of a banker's cheque, fill up the space with paper pulp, coloured and engraved the new piece of paper, and forged writing over the "doctored" cheque. These delicate operations were done in such a manner as to leave the forgery imperceptible without close examination.

In other frauds he got a stationer in Brussels to machine the water-marks of London bankers on plain sheets of paper. These sheets he took to France to be coloured and engraved. Some of his forgeries of Bank of England notes were actually cashed at a provincial branch of the Bank.

The usual manner in which ordinary bank notes are forged is first to take a photograph of the genuine note, then to transfer the negatives to gelatine, and finally to stone. Impressions from the stone are placed upon a well-grained block of hard wood, which has been oiled well. This produces the imitation water-mark when pressed properly.

The Cheque Bank cheque was supposed to be unforgeable. It was a very elaborate cheque printed in colours, and engraved with an intricate design. The Cheque Bank had to discontinue operations owing to the numerous forgeries.

One forger set to work by dividing the cheque into numerous portions, each of which was given to a specialist to prepare a die of. All the dies thus made were combined, and the counterfeit cheque printed therefrom.

Another forger spent two years and thousands of pounds, it is said, in preparing a single die. In each case the forgers obtained much money. It is doubtful if any cheque or note cannot be forged. Probably the notes of the Bank of England are the most trying to forgers, owing to the great difficulty in imitating the paper, and to the complex water-marks.

## BEFORE BUYING A HAIR BRUSH

Read this Article, and You Will Know How to Choose a Good One.

THE first essential of a good hair brush is that the bristles should really be bristles, not imitations, and that they should be of a good kind. Russian bristles are the best; they are obtained from the back of the wild boar.

Russian bristles are very stiff, tapering in shape, about seven inches in length and either black or white. These are the longest and stiffest of all; only the butt end is used for hair brushes, and the other end, known as the "flag," is employed for making painting and decorating brushes.

The flag tapers very thin, and ends in several sprouts, so that it makes a very soft and flexible brush. The butt end of the Russian bristle may be recognised by its thickness, for no other bristle has so large a diameter.

The next best variety is the Chinese, and is sent from Tientsin; it is a black bristle, about five and a half inches in length, and less stiff than the Russian. It is not so durable as this latter, but in other respects it is not far behind.

German bristles vary in length and quality; they are black, white, and brown, and the length ranges from six inches to a mere stump of an inch or so. The white are regarded as the best of all these German varieties, and consequently fetch the highest price.

American bristles are short, ranging from two and a half to three and a half inches; they are soft and flexible, and for that reason are not so well adapted for the manufacture of hair brushes; however, they are cheap, and are, therefore, largely used to mix with the stiffer kinds. This, by-the-way, is one of the points to be noted when buying—see if all the bristles have the same stiffness.

Yet another variety is that obtained from the sea cow; these bristles are hard and durable, and they are black in colour.

Imitation bristles in the shape of fibres are often used. To detect the true bristle from the imitation, and also to ascertain the quality of the real article, run your finger down the centre of the brush; if the bristles spring back quickly into the straight, upright position, they are genuine, but if they return slowly to the original position, it will be well to examine them more closely, for this lack of resilience, or springiness, is one of the signs by which you will recognise the fibre.

See that the bristles are secured to the back of the brush by wire.

## THE EDITOR

Learned a Food Lesson.

The financial editor of a prominent paper has written an interesting article describing his experience with food. He says:

"I suffered from nervous trouble for years, at first confined to muscular twitching, but grew worse, and involuntary contractions of the muscles accompanied by indescribable severe pains were the penalty of over-exertion, catching cold, or just bad weather, even when the greatest care was exercised.

"The sciatic nerve and the nerves of the back became so sensitive I could only remove my underclothing with the greatest care, and sometimes left it on at night rather than suffer the torture of removing it and putting on a night shirt.

"I was almost a nervous wreck, and was treated by numerous physicians without any improvement; in fact, matters went on from bad to worse, each attack becoming more severe and more lasting, until I broke down completely last winter. For weeks I suffered so terribly and continuously that I got no natural sleep. I became practically helpless, could not walk, and at one time thought I had lost the use of one of my legs.

"The doctors put me on skimmed milk, but that did not satisfy, so they put me on Grape-Nuts at meal

times and Postum Cereal, and both agreed with me from the start in the most wonderful manner.

"I could soon sit up, and my improvement has been rapid. I no longer suffer the pains, which at times were almost unbearable, and I get good, sound, restful sleep, better than I have for years. Best of all, I have recovered the use of my leg, and prospects are good for complete recovery. I have no doubt my improved condition is due to the Grape-Nuts diet." Name given by Grape-Nuts Co., 66, Shoe Lane, E.C.

Brain and nerve building food that is pre-digested will bring health to anyone suffering from disease caused by a poor selection of food. There's a reason.

Look in each packet for the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."

## FOOD CURES.

How Physicians Can Cure Even Bright's Disease by Use of Right Food.

A Manitoba trip taught two women something valuable through a wise physician of Brandon. One of them says:

"I had been so troubled for years with my stomach that I could not eat meat and fruit on the same day, and suffered if I ate anything more than a little stale bread and butter, and was so thin people thought I was going to die.

"I had often seen Grape-Nuts advertised, but had

never tried the food until last August. My sister went out to Manitoba to visit another sister, and learned that our sister's little boy, who is seven years of age, had taken Bright's Disease of the kidneys, and their family physician gave them no hopes of recovery.

"His parents then took him to Brandon, twenty miles distant, and the physician there told them he would undertake to cure him if no food but Grape-Nuts were given him, as no other food would agree with his medicine or help to overcome the disease.

"The child has lived entirely on Grape-Nuts for one year and a half, and is entirely well—a strong, sturdy boy. The visiting sister was in poor health when she went out to Manitoba, but the Grape-Nuts she learned to eat there sent her back home well and strong, and when she came home she told me about them, and I got some.

"I learned that I could not only digest the Grape-Nuts perfectly, but if I took a spoonful of Grape-Nuts in my mouth I could take a mouthful of potatoes and meat along with it, and everything the Grape-Nuts mixed with in that way I could digest, but not otherwise, and the result was I was soon like a girl of twenty years instead of an old woman. My face got plumper, and I know now what joy there is in healthful living." Name given by Grape-Nuts Company, 66, Shoe Lane, E.C. Physicians say Grape-Nuts is the most scientific food in the world. There's a reason. Look in each packet for the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."

## GIVEN AWAY WITH HOME NOTES

(No. 508).

A PAPER PATTERN OF A BLOUSE.

Of all Bookstalls and Newsagents. Price 1d.

Fels-Naptha

coaxes dirt out. Which is better than rubbing it out; and easier.

Better for you and the clothes.

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## Beauty

For cleansing the skin and preserving it from roughness, blotches, hard water, cold, wind, and fog. *Willie's Face Cream* is unique and alone imparts the delicate transparent tint that need no powder. Price 1/-; send 2d. stamps for 3 samples (different scents).—WILLIE'S CO. Ltd. (Dept. 47) 143 Gray's Inn Road, London, W.C.

Your face will be fair if you use Williams' Shaving Soap.

Williams' Shaving Sticks and Tablets sold everywhere. Trial sample for 1d. stamp to pay postage. Write for Free booklet, "How to Shave."

The J. B. Williams Co., 65 Great Russell St., London.

Edwards' Soup (E.D.S.) makes a wonderful improvement in "made" dishes of every kind—hashes, soups and stews. At all Grocers, Corn-chandlers, &c., in penny packets.



"This is the penny packet, dear!"

EDWARDS' DESICCATED SOUP

# I Romp Across Europe.



Mr. P. Double-  
you's Glance  
at the Most  
Mixed  
Nationality in  
Europe—  
Austria-Hungary.

I LIKE Austria-Hungary. Not that I saw much of it, for I only sat in a train for 250 miles, and saw two towns—Agram and Fiume—but I like the idea of Austria-Hungary. You see it is a vast, big empire—bigger than the German Empire—but it has no particular nationality. The worst of, say, Germany, is that you can't move for Germans. Now, in the next door empire, Austrians don't trouble you in the least, for in a way, there's no such nation.

A man in Austria-Hungary may be a German, or a Hungarian, or a Croat, or a Slovak, or a Serbian, or a Czech, or a Serb, or a Wend, or anything else, each of them wearing a different costume, talking a different language, and having a different national character.

On my journey from Servia to the Adriatic I had a good look at the Hungarians and Croats, with an occasional sprinkling of Slovaks, Czechs, and Germans.

## HOW THE PEASANTS ARE DRESSED.

At most of the stations is a sort of open air *café* restaurant, in which the inhabitants of the district assemble every evening to see the train pass. Any person actually departing from any village has never fewer than twelve people to see him (or her) off.

The people will be dressed variously. The men in white shirts with garters tied round with string about their legs, and astrachan fezzes with feathers on their heads; women in short, coloured skirts, and bodices allowing for white shirt sleeves.

The Czechs wear close fitting suits, black top boots, and jackets showing plenty of buttons, and the same kind of brown cap as I described in Bulgaria.

One fact stands out—the peasants of Austria-Hungary are quite the neatest and most picturesque of Europe.

My train wended its way through a mountain district—an offshoot of the Alps known as the Uskokan Mountains. It any reader wants to escape his fellow-countrymen, he might try the Uskokens. There is a fine river, the Save, plenty of huge rocks, and waterfalls, and steep, green, wooded heights.

## THE COINAGE MUDDLES ME.

I got wrong over the coinage in Austria-Hungary. The people themselves do not cheat you, but their money does.

The "krone" or crown, current in Hungary, corresponds with the franc, and is valued at about ninepence, and this is divided into 100 hellers. That is straightforward enough. When I saw an article marked, say, 1.50, I naturally took it to mean one crown, fifty hellers, or about one and twopence.

When, however, I put down a crown, or a bunch of hellers (they are tiny little coins, half the size of a farthing, with the smallest head of Francis Joseph I have ever seen), somebody would come up to me and yell, "gulden," or "kreutzer." I then learnt that I had to pay exactly twice what I had expected, the gulden being two crowns, and the kreutzer two hellers, or about a farthing.

Therefore, I say that the Hungarian coinage is a cheat. It deludes the foreigner into thinking he is reckoning on the usual decimal basis, and then does him down for double.

## I REACH FIUME.

The approach to Fiume, from the mountain country, verges on the magnificent. From a height of four or five thousand feet, one looks down at the sea-port lying flat down below on the shores of the gulf of Quarnero. To reach it the train has to make a zig-zag passage, travelling very slowly, and the eye is dazzled by the beauties of the coast round, known as the Austrian Riviera.

Fiume is the sort of place a port ought to be, if we lived in a nobler and better world. It is the most polished one I ever saw. Its streets are dreams of cleanliness, and of nice, white, innocent-looking buildings. And its inhabitants are in keeping, all being well dressed and pleasing to look upon.

The average Hungarian looks like Kubelik. He has a sallow face, a lot of hair and wild, flashing eyes. He adores the Emperor Francis Joseph and loathes the Austrians. He also distinctly approves of the British, and when I convinced casual acquaintances that such was my nationality they came round and beamed on me.

They jeered at the Russians, told me that they had seen the British lawn-tennis teams in Buda-Pesth, and wanted to come to Britain one day themselves. They candidly confess that Buda-Pesth is the finest city in the world, and that Vienna hasn't a look in. As for Berlin, well, they ask, where is that place?

Once an Austrian statesman jeeringly remarked that Europe ended and Asia began at Vienna. It is the

Hungarian's proudest boast now that Buda-Pesth is the boundary line between the continents.

The country I was in was Civatia. It is governed by Hungary, but the people are Slavs, like the Russians and Poles. They hate the Hungarians, and would fight them if they didn't hate the Austrians more. For convenience they speak German, but hate the Germans most of all. There's more hatred to a square yard in Austria than to a mile in any other country.

Fiume is pronounced "few me." It should have an "n" added, and be called "few men," for the female proportion, as far as the eye can judge, seems about ten to one over the opposite sex. Beautiful damsels in white, wearing no horrid hats, are to be seen everywhere.

In the early morning you see them with baskets on their heads, going to market. They seem to do all the work at about that time, while the men—such as you can find—sit in the *cafés*, read the papers, and talk German. The ladies go to the *cafés* in the evening, and, such as have them, take their babies.

## I LEARN A WORD.

The more babies a married lady can bring up to the table of a restaurant in Fiume, the smarter she will be thought by her townfolk. The babies also talk German—wonderfully for their age. They talked it far better than I did. In fact, there was only one German word I really felt capable of pronouncing at this stage of my travels. It was *Schinken*.

*Schinken* came upon me while sitting in a station restaurant feebly trying to make a little fair-haired waiter understand that I wanted to eat some breakfast. He brought me the usual rolls, but flatly refused to understand me when I told him I wanted something more substantial.

At last, after watching me contort for several minutes, he brought into consultation two small boys and a young Croatian cash-lady. After a few minutes' heated discussion they decided on the symptoms, as it were. The fair waiter rubbed his hands, smiled, and said, with a smack of triumph, the simple word *schinken*. He then disappeared.

Shortly after he brought me a plate of ham.

"*Da*," he said, "*ist Schinken*," and he looked at it approvingly.

So did I. Having mastered that one word, and the meal, I went my way. Whenever I wanted anything in the morning in Hungary, Austria, or Germany, I simply smiled, rubbed my hands, and said, "*Schinken*." It was delightful to see the smile of utter happiness which came over the waiters' faces at the word.

## I GO TO THE SEASIDE.

There is one other word I learnt. It was *Schnitzel*. I caught it alive in a restaurant where it was the solitary German word on a Magyar menu card. It turned out to be a kind of veal cutlet, cooked on a Viennese plan. I had it every night for supper, as I found it a safe card to play. What with *Schinken* in the morning, and *Schnitzel* at evening, I flourished.

I visited a smart Austrian watering-place, Abbazia. It is called the Austrian Riviera, because of its lovely climate, and its beautiful wooded slopes, its groves, and palms, and its blue water. The people at Abbazia bathe all the morning, go to sleep all the afternoon, sit in *cafés* and listen to Viennese bands from four till about seven, dine, and then parade.

The Austrians know exactly how to bathe—which we do not in Britain.

There are none of our crude, clumsy, comfortless bathing-machines to be found on the Austrian Adriatic shores. Spacious pavilions front on to the part of the rocky coast set aside for bathing.

The bathing area is carefully inclosed with wire netting, and two or three motor-boats are in readiness to stop any daring spirit who swims outside. This is for fear of sharks, which, since the opening of the Suez Canal, have passed into the Mediterranean, to the danger of all bathers there.

## HOW AUSTRIANS BATHE.

Bathing is partially mixed. Men and women bathe in the same inclosure, but a wire rope separates them.

Men are not provided with the ill-fitting, ancient and dilapidated bathing costumes dealt out to them in British watering-places. They are given a smart, suitably-cut, graceful, blue garment. They are provided with hats, caps, or any kind of head-covering they may fancy.

Disporting themselves in the water can be seen men wearing straw hats, panamas, white turbans, yachting caps, and even, occasionally, bowlers. Men wear their eye-glasses and moustache guards in the sea, and often smoke cigarettes.

As for the ladies, their hats, with their varied patterns and trimmings, give the water an aspect like Ascot Sunday in Hyde Park.

For gay spirits, every opportunity is given in the water. Swings are provided, floating rafts, and other distracters on which lively young Austro-Hungarians indulge in varied pranks.

There are three kinds of bathers, swimmers, non-swimmers, and observers. The latter assume bathing costumes, but go no nearer the water than the platform, upon which they sit, recline, and criticise.

The bathe over—after about two hours on an average—the bather is given a flowing white robe, and invited to walk on to the roof, where he basks in the sun.

[Next week I shall conclude the story of my trip.]

# CATS AS COLLECTORS.

Animals that Beg for Charities.

PASQUIN LEROY is the name of a Persian cat that, during the past season, collected a large sum of money for the FRESH AIR FUND outside the North London Railway Station at Broad Street.

With a light box strapped on its back and its paws erect in begging attitude, pussy attracted unusual attention, and ere it had been "at work" more than a week or so it had amassed sufficient funds to send to Epping Forest for a day's outing some 200 poor children.

This utilising of animals in the cause of charity is no new thing. More than 500 years ago, a "holy man" of Benares led a "begging tiger" through all the principal towns and villages of the Punjab, in order to attract the alms of the faithful towards a project for establishing a new theological college in the Holy City.

The brute, if contemporary native accounts are to be believed, was as tame as a kitten, and gravely "shook hands" with each donor, no matter how small the donation.

At Hamburg, again, after the terrible cholera epidemic of 1892, when the deaths at one time exceeded 1,000 a day, a lion collected some hundreds of pounds for the relief of the sufferers; and a monkey performed a similar service for the wives and families of the Liverpool strikers in 1890.

Another monkey famous for its services in the cause of charity was Jacko, a Bornean ape, belonging to a former proprietor of a public-house known as the "Hole in the Wall," in the Borough High Street.

Altogether Jacko collected over £175 for the hospitals of South London, his last and most successful effort in this direction being in 1897, on the occasion of the late Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee.

On that historic occasion he was stationed outside the inn, clad in a field-marshal's uniform, during the passage of the procession, and received the laughing recognition of Royalty, as well as certain valuable current coins of the realm.

At the sacred city of Nikko, in Japan, is a famous library containing what is alleged to be the only complete copy in the world of the 7,000 volumes of the Buddhist scriptures.

These are never to be read; instead, they are arranged in an octagonal revolving bookcase of red lacquer, with gilt pillars, and fitted with capstan bars.

To one of these latter is attached a holy white pony with blue eyes. He carries slung round his neck a gourd, with a slit in it through which the faithful drop coins.

In return therefor the pony walks thrice round a circle, causing the library to revolve that number of times, and the donor of the money reaps the same merit as though he had read the whole 7,000 books.

Even more famous than the Nikko pony are the sacred white foxes of Kyoto, which beg incessantly on behalf of the priests of the great temple of Sanjusangendo.

These sagacious animals carry no collecting boxes, but are trained to beg by standing on their hind legs in an attitude of supplication.

When a coin is given to any one of them, the recipient trots off with it between his teeth to the nearest attendant, who deposits it at the feet of one of the 33,000 images of Buddha, with which the temple is decorated.

In a Liverpool public-house there was to be seen until recently a jackdaw, which had been taught to solicit alms for a Seamen's Orphanage; and, of course, the services of parrots have been requisitioned over and over again for similar purposes.

During the street collecting processions which followed the great theatre fire in Chicago last year a grisly bear, lent by a circus proprietor, did excellent work towards raising funds for the relief of the families of the victims.

Led by his keeper, and carrying between his huge paws a velvet bag attached to a short stick, like those used for church offertories, he was the centre of attraction, and in three of four hours had collected over £200. And this he repeated day after day until the novelty wore off.

But, of course, dogs are the principal collectors for charities. They have abounded these many years past, not only abroad, but in all parts of the United Kingdom also, and many of them have attained to almost world-wide celebrity.

Leo, for instance, the famous "Hospital Dog of Cork," raised thousands of pounds for the Cork Women's and Children's Hospital.

A cot in the Great Northern Hospital, again, was endowed chiefly through the exertions of Schnap-pie, a long-coated dachshund.

Other successful canine cadgers—always, of course, in the cause of charity—are (or were, for some of them are dead), London Jack, who used to haunt Waterloo Station; Tim, of Paddington, whose box has frequently held sovereigns deposited there by Royalty; Southampton Gyp; Bournemouth Nell; Help, the Brighton beggar; and Kensington Duke, who, not content with merely collecting, used to give charity entertainments "on his own," in which he did a skirt dance, the cake walk, and other fancy "steps."

TO THE STATION



THE WAY WE WALK.

The Morning Quick-step and the Evening Crawl.

Have readers of P.W. ever remarked the difference in people's walk when they go to work in the morning and when they return home tired and worn with work after a long day? It is no longer the difference remarked by Shakespeare, who noticed everything—"the whining schoolboy with his satchel

And shining morning face, creeping like snail Unwillingly to school."

It is hurry, hurry, hurry to work, man or boy, in the morning. The train, the tram, the electric car, or the omnibus, must be "caught" or there is work-time lost; and every foot shows eagerness and anxiety just as plainly as every face. But at night, after the manifold strain and worry of the day, the jaded nerve shows in lagging footsteps and a weary walk which not even the prospect of the bright fire at home, the lamplight, and the evening meal can stimulate to the brisk quick-step of the morning.

WHAT THE WALK TELLS.

Does it tell no tale, this weary evening walk? We used to be told that "Hard work never kills." But that was in easier days. The hard work of to-day saps nervous energy, wears out men before their time, and "too old at forty" is the tale of many a vigorous worker. Employers want young men—men who will work at more desperate speed, and whose nerves, not yet outworn, expose them less cruelly to the risk of accidents for which

EMPLOYERS ARE LIABLE.

The way to keep young, to maintain the alert, brisk quick-step of the man whose nerves and spine are right, is to feed the nerves. Constant haste, constant worry wear them out. They are like an engine which lacks oil. The wearing points rub themselves smooth. The engine breaks down, worn out before its time. So do nerves that are starved wear out, and when they wear out the engine—which is the man or the woman wearied with labour or housework—breaks down in illness and suffering.

HOW TO "OIL" THE NERVES.

The way to keep the nerves strong and vigorous is to feed them. Nothing ever discovered keeps the nerves in such good order, imparts such vigour and alertness to the body, as Dr. Williams' pink pills for pale people. Those who have attempted to brace up wearied nerves with mere tonics know how unavailing is the effort. The rest of the system suffers; the nerves become too highly strung. It is like trying to make a weakened spring act by screwing it up tighter. But Dr. Williams' pink pills feed the nerves. They feed them through the blood. They are the greatest of all tonics; but they are also much more than a tonic. They are a direct nerve-builder, and they make new blood, new strength, new energy, new appetite. An example of this read the case of Mrs. Roper, of 8, Gee's Houses, Cambois, near Blyth: "I could not walk to the foot of the garden," said she. "Every few steps I had to stop to get my breath. I had a severe attack of influenza, and for years I suffered from the after-effects."

"I took a great deal of medicine, and was also treated by at least three doctors. But I got miserably thin, could take little or no food, and was unable to sleep at nights. This went on for years, and six months ago I was so ill that I had to give up housework altogether and get a girl in to do it for me."

In Mrs. Roper's case, ruined digestion had shattered her nerves and starved her veins of blood. We see here all the signs of anemia.

"At last," she continued, "I had to take to my bed. I was in despair, and never expected to rise again. While in this state I said to my girl: 'I wonder if Dr. Williams' pink pills for pale people would do me any good.' At any rate, I determined to try."

"I had been in bed three weeks then. But I am telling you the barest truth when I say that I felt a change for the better after a couple of doses of the pills. On the second day I got out of bed. The improvement was steady and rapid. I took the pills three times a day for a month, and then I reduced the dose to one in the morning and at tea-time. It is over ten years since I felt so well as I do at present. I can do all my own work now. I attribute my really wonderful cure entirely to Dr. Williams' pink pills."

"Yes," remarked her husband, "they have done wonders for me, too. I had a bad attack of lumbago. I took the pills in the hope that they would cure me, and now, as you see, I am as right as can be."

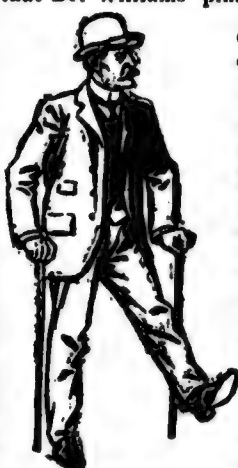
It must not be thought that nervous exhaustion or overstrain is a slight thing. Many people treat it as no more serious than a cold. But it is not a slight thing. It is, on the contrary, the forerunner of the most terrible of diseases—locomotor ataxy. This is one of the many diseases which show in a man's walk. The "ataxic gait" is often spoken of by doctors; very likely the reader has seen it: perhaps he has walked it. When a man's leg, as it steps, swings higher than he wants it to, so that he

WALKS WITH A SORT OF PRANCE:

when his foot feels as if he were treading on wool instead of hard leather; most of all, when he cannot walk steadily with his eyes shut, or in the dark, he is threatened by locomotor ataxy—

THE WALK THAT THREATENS DEATH.

Some readers may know that this is a disease of the nervous system and spine; and when a man's spine (which is the bony column of the back) shows weakness, it behoves him to beware. Dr. Williams' pink pills for pale people are the greatest of all known spinal tonics, and they have cured a number of cases of locomotor ataxy, a complaint always thought incurable until experience proved that Dr. Williams' pink pills were able to cure it.



His leg swings higher than he wants it to.

Mr. Arthur Kirkland, of Cross Road, Coventry, has one of the most remarkable stories to tell of any man in existence. Years ago he tried to push a truck on the railway into its place by putting his back to it and his feet against a wall. The truck slipped, and Mr. Kirkland was injured in the back and spine, just above the hip. The troubles arising from this accident became so serious that he had to consult doctors at the Warneford Hospital, Leamington, and Queen's Hospital, Birmingham, but to his dismay, the disease was described as locomotor ataxy, and he was told that he could never work again. For years Mr. Kirkland suffered bodily and mental agony, but one day he read in a pamphlet that Dr. Williams' pink pills had cured the disease in the case of a naval pensioner. "I wrote to him," said he, "and on his advice I took Dr. Williams' pink pills. The first signs of improvement came with the second box. There was a recovery of feeling in the limbs, which the disease had made quite numb to the touch, although they were racked with shooting pains. I regained muscular power and gradually became able to walk, but only in the daylight, and with the aid of two sticks. But I did not stay in this half-crippled state. As the pills were continued I could feel strength steadily returning, and I got out in the fresh air, and gradually grew better and better, until the cure was pronounced."

Thanks entirely to Dr. Williams' pink pills, I am very well now, and work eleven hours a day, besides walking to my work, which I can do easily. My fellow workmen and others are surprised to see me about again, for when they heard of my terrible complaint they didn't expect me to go to work any more."

Since he made the above statement, Mr. Kirkland has secured the position of collector in an insurance company, and in the course of his business rounds he walks, on an average, from ten to twelve miles a day.

Another—and quite a different—thing which

SHOWS IN THE WALK

is St. Vitus' dance. Dr. Williams' pink pills for pale people have cured many cases of this complaint.

Miss Elizabeth Hes, a Bristol girl, was cured of St. Vitus' dance by Dr. Williams' pink pills, though her case at one time appeared to be almost a hopeless one. Interviewed at her home in Hudds Hill Road, Whiteway Road, she said:

"I was first taken ill with St. Vitus' dance three years ago, and I rapidly got worse. At one time I was confined to my bed for eight weeks, and for one

month I could not speak a word. I got very hot at the slightest exertion, and my complaint kept me on the move all the time. I was employed by one of the largest firms in Bristol, but owing to my illness I had to leave. Several doctors thought I could never get well, and gave me up. Even when the crisis was passed I was so ill that I was not trusted out alone for fear I might fall. If I attempted to wash a teacup I was sure to drop it. I could not hold anything. My mother took me to the hospitals, and spent pounds upon me, but all to no purpose. Then she read in the paper an interview with a person who had been cured of St. Vitus' dance by Dr. Williams' pink pills, and decided that I should try the pills. I soon felt much better, and before long the pills effected splendid results. I took one pill after each meal; with the second box I took two after my meals, and with the third box, three. I then went back to one pill as a dose. I felt considerably better after every dose. My appetite steadily improved, and with it my general health. Before I had finished the fourth box all weakness and nervous twitchings had disappeared."

"And how do you feel now, Miss Hes?" "Oh, I am in splendid health, thank you, and think I shall keep so. I cannot praise this medicine too much."

Apart from organic disease of the nerves or spine,

A MAN'S OR A WOMAN'S WALK

is often most painfully affected by rheumatism. Now, it is known that Dr. Williams' pink pills for pale people have cured more cases of rheumatism than of any other disease except anemia.

The experience of Mr. William Wright, a stone-mason, of 24, Murray Street, Firhill Road, Glasgow, is an illustration to point:

"I was obliged to give up work," he explained, "and take to my bed, through a most painful attack of rheumatism. It was so bad that I contracted, and a pain started in my left shoulder then it jumped to my hip. In spite of good nursing, two doctors, poulticing, fomentation and medicine, I felt as bad after eight weeks as when I was first laid up. Such was my agony that I scarcely slept."

"I read in the newspapers of a man who had been cured of acute sciatica and rheumatism in the leg by Dr. Williams' pink pills for pale people. A box was therefore bought for me. Before I had got through it my spirits were better, and the pain was leaving my hip and leg. After a second box, the trouble was entirely cured. The pills gave me rich blood, for, chancing to cut my finger, the blood that came from it was rich and red, whereas when I was ill my blood was poor and thin. The pills gave me a good colour. They sent me back to work in three weeks."

Mrs. Wright added: "Until my husband began to take Dr. Williams' pink pills for pale people he could not bear his left leg to be touched, even lightly. I, too, have found the pills a sure cure for the blinding headaches from which I often suffered in the past."

To sum up,

THERE IS WARNING IN THE WALK

of us all. If you walk tired, worn-out, weary after the day's work, be sure that your work is taking too much out of you. If you are so "used-up" when you get home that you have little appetite, little energy, and want to do nothing but sit idle or go to bed, your work is taking too much out of you. If you are still tired in the morning and need to spur your exhausted nerves by the consciousness that the train must be "caught," though you feel that you would rather stay at home, and have no ambition, no energy to spare, be warned in time, your work is taking too much out of you. Dr. Williams' pink pills

GIVE BACK WHAT WORK TAKES OUT.

They make blood, they feed and build up the nerves, they strengthen the back and the spine and the brain. It is thus that they have cured so many cases of paralysis, locomotor ataxy, rheumatism, sciatica, and St. Vitus' dance. They also supply rich new blood to the starved veins, and so have repeatedly cured all diseases arising from impoverishment of the blood, scrofula, rickets, chronic erysipelas, consumption, anemia, pale and sallow complexion, general muscular weakness, loss of appetite, palpitations, pains in the back, nervous headache, and neuralgia, early decay, and those ailments and weaknesses which ladies endure. These pills are a tonic, not a weakening purgative. They are genuine only when bearing the full name (seven words)—Dr. Williams' pink pills for pale people—and though they are sold by all dealers, the manufacturers, Dr. Williams' medicine company, Holborn Viaduct, London, will be pleased to forward one box on receipt of the price, two shillings and ninepence, or for six boxes, thirteen shillings and ninepence. The four instances printed above are fair examples of thousands of cures in every part of the country, expressing gratitude that strength and ability to conduct business and ordinary duties has been so readily and completely regained.





STARTS TO-DAY.

STARTS TO-DAY.

# A Faith Betrayed.

By SYBIL CAMPBELL LETHBRIDGE,

Writer of "Leaves in the Wind," "Lady Margaret and His Majesty," "The Hazard of the Die," etc., etc.

## CHAPTER ONE.

### Lady Kenford at Home.

THE great house had awakened from the profound slumber of the winter months, and had opened its eyes upon the world once more. That is to say, the blinds had been drawn up, and Kenford House no longer suggested to the passers-by that Death was its only inmate. Delicate pink and white flowers bloomed in the window-boxes, the mansion shone resplendent in the new coats of white paint that had been bestowed upon it.

Before the door there waited the splendid barouche that, with the Cleveland bays and the servants in the rather gaudy dark blue and orange-yellow colours of the house they served, was always one of the most noticeable carriages in the Park, not only because of its perfect appointments, but because the woman who occupied it was the most beautiful woman in London.

To see the Countess of Kenford was an event in the lives of all those fortunate enough to behold her. A little crowd had gathered, with a judicious eye on a slowly approaching policeman, to see the Countess emerge from the great house; the doors opened, there appeared the portly and unromantic figure of the butler! He beckoned to the footman, spoke to him in a low and confidential voice, and then closed the door; the footman transmitted the message to the coachman, and the carriage drove slowly away. Her ladyship would not drive to-day.

"It's too bad of her," observed a shabbily-dressed girl to her companion, a girl as equally ill-dressed. "I've just longed to see her ever since I saw her picture in *HOME NOTES*. She's just lovely—only in the picture she had a diamond crown on, and I don't suppose she'd wear it now."

"I don't suppose so," admitted the other; "but I'm cross, too. Why didn't she go, I wonder?"

That question could have been answered only by Lady Kenford herself; her sudden decision not to drive out had occasioned the greatest surprise, bordering on consternation, in her household. For the Countess was the least capricious of mortals, and also she was a woman who never broke an engagement or failed to keep a promise, yet in this case she had done so.

The bazaar in Hoxton that she had agreed to open would be bereft of her gracious presence; instead of her performing the ceremony, the vicar of the parish would be forced to do so. It is probable that his flock would receive him with vague resentment; it was not he it wished to see, but that wonderful lady, tales of whose beauty, goodness, and wealth filtered down to the inhabitants of one of London's grimmest suburbs.

And Lady Kenford, as a rule so anxious to give pleasure to all, so averse to giving pain, did she not think of the disappointment her absence would entail? It must be chronicled that not once did she cast a thought to those who had been so eagerly expecting her; she was thinking as one thinks in certain moments of awful fear and anguish, only of herself—herself and one other!

As still, as motionless as though carved in stone, she sat beside her dressing-table, leaning her head upon her hand; an open letter lay before her. It had been brought to her, marked "urgent," whilst she was dressing, and, when she had read it, she had sent her maid to say that she was ill, that she would not drive out, and then she had locked her door and in solitude faced the problem that must be solved.

A tiny golden clock ticked remorselessly beside her; once her gaze left the letter and wandered to it. Its cheerful ticking exasperated her; with a sudden passionate gesture she snatched it up, and dropped it on the floor. It rolled away and fell over on its face, but the ticking continued still. Lady Kenford covered her face with her hands.

"I shall go mad!" she thought. "There's so much to be done, so little time to do it in. What shall I do? What can I do?"

She rose from her chair, and, going to the great mirror, gazed half wildly at her reflection.

"I must do something—at once—to stop it—before it is too late!" She spoke aloud in staccato fashion. "I must go and see him! But how, and when? Oh, it's terrible for me! I'm surrounded, as it were, by spies! What—what can I do without my servants noticing it—without it becoming known? I've said I'm ill; I've sent a message to say that I can't go to St. Luke's, so how can I go out—in the face of that message? Dare—dare I wait till evening? I might slip out then."

There was a knock at the door; Lady Kenford started, her beautiful features convulsed with a new terror. Rigidly she stood, her eyes fixed upon the door; the knock was repeated. A man's voice called: "Evelyn, Evelyn, my dear!"

The Countess flung up her arms with a gesture of mute despair; then she crossed the room, and turned the key in the lock.

"I beg your pardon for keeping you waiting, Alsager," she said quietly. "I am not very well; I think the sun has given me a headache, so—so I am resting."

Even at that moment the horrible mockery of the last word struck her in an almost ludicrous light; she smiled, and her husband, who had been staring at her with fond anxiety, immediately felt relieved. He was a man of simple character and few emotions, and as yet no necessity for dissimulation on his part had arisen in a life that had been hitherto singularly well-ordered and satisfactory.

"It is the sun, I have no doubt," he observed cheerfully, "and I think you were wise to rest, my dear Evelyn. Will you be able to go to the Ashwynns to-night? It is rather an important gathering. You see, as this is the beginning of the session I don't feel that I ought to miss it; so many of my supporters—eh, you see, they will be there. My father—"

He broke off with raised brows, a suggestion of self-importance conveyed by his tone. Lady Kenford clasped her hands across her wildly-beating heart and answered him.

"I am sure you ought to go, Alsager, whether I can or not," she said, longing as she had not often longed for anything in her life that he would leave her. "Your father would be most vexed, I am sure, if you weren't there, and— and we ought to consider him."

"Of course! He has been so uncommonly good, giving us up this place and really behaving as few fathers do behave. I can assure you, Evelyn," replied Lord Kenford, "that, though I hate to leave you, I feel I must go. What's this on the floor? Bless me, it's the little clock I got you in Paris when we were on our honeymoon! It's fallen down; not hurt, though—no; it's all right. By Jove, now, I should have been vexed, Evelyn, if anything had happened to it! It's a memento of the happiest time in my life."

"Is it?" she answered faintly; "I am very glad."

She watched him raise the clock she had flung to the ground and examine it carefully. He moved towards the dressing-table to replace it in its proper position, and, as he did so, his eyes fell upon the letter lying there. At the same moment his wife, with a hoarse cry, sprang forward and snatched it up. Lord Kenford stared at her in dull amazement, then the colour slowly ebbed away from his healthy, red-brown face.

## CHAPTER TWO.

### In the Grey Distance, Half-a-Mile Away.

FOR a moment, but to those two it was as though eons of time elapsed, the husband and wife gazed at one another. Lord Kenford still held the clock in his hand, and Evelyn grasped the fatal letter. Neither moved; outside, the jangling, crashing notes of a piano-organ made themselves heard, playing a tune at first difficult to distinguish; Lady Kenford found herself endeavouring to make out the melody amongst the labyrinth of trills and runs. She was absorbed in this occupation when her husband's voice broke the silence.

"I hope," he said slowly, "that you don't imagine that I was going to read that letter? I am sorry—that you know me so little as to think that I wish to pry into your correspondence."

Lady Kenford started, and, with a quick gesture, pushed back the heavy waves of hair from her brow.

"It's 'Dolly Gray'!" she exclaimed. "Yes; I thought I could catch a note here and there. 'Dolly Gray,' with variations. Isn't it an old tune to play?"

And then she saw the utter bewilderment and mystification expressed upon her husband's features, and she burst into an hysterical, shrill laugh.

"Don't—don't look like that, Alsager!" she exclaimed. "You—you will be the death of me. I was listening to that piano-organ and trying to make out what on earth they were playing, and at last I've succeeded. That's all; I'm not out of my mind."

"I was startled," confessed the Earl with a look of relief; "your manner seemed so strange. You're not looking well, my dear Evelyn; I think Pratten ought to be called in."

"No, no! I shall be perfectly well—if only I am left to myself!" she answered feverishly. "Alsager, I'm afraid I'm very tiresome and exasperating this afternoon; about—that letter"—her hand closed on it convulsively—"I was very rude. I had no right to snatch it from you—as I did. I—I—don't know why I did it—for—I know you never read my letters."

"I am glad you know that," answered Kenford with dignity. "I confess, Evelyn, I was hurt by your action. I felt that—that it was undeserved. You know," he added slowly, "that my confidence in you is—unassailable."

He drew a little nearer to her, his somewhat homely face dignified by the great tenderness mingled with reproach that illumined it.

"And it hurts me," he said wistfully, "when you treat me as though I were an ogre. I don't think I am one."

Evelyn Kenford was a reserved woman, for whom at all times it was difficult if not painful to show her feelings, but something in her husband's manner touched a responsive chord in her heart. With an impulse very foreign to her, she put her arms about his neck and laid her face against his.

"You are the best man in the world," she said in a low

voice, "and—and I was horrible to behave to you as I did. Will you forgive me, Alsager?"

"Tut, tut, my sweet, between us there is never a question of forgiveness!" he answered, so well pleased and gratified by her show of affection that he did not recollect till he had left her that the mysterious letter was still unexplained.

When Lady Kenford was once more alone, she summoned her maid, doffed the festive dress for a cool tea-gown, and then lay down upon a sofa, after having given strict orders that on no account was she to be disturbed.

"You may bring me some tea, Masson, but no dinner," she said, "and mind no one comes near me; I must have complete rest. See that my tea is very strong and made entirely of bohea."

But not even green tea could restore Lady Kenford to her usual calm, deliberate self; she lay on the rack of suspense and torturing conjecture, reading again and again the fatal missive that had been as a bolt from the blue to her, endeavouring to arrange her plan of action, to see how the hideous calamity that would wreck her life—and not only hers—could be avoided.

The afternoon drew in, twilight came on, and dusk slipped silently into the soft summer darkness. Lady Kenford rose from the couch and went to the window; the lamps twinkled amongst the trees of the Park; through the blue-grey haze that is London's peculiar beauty, they shone like stars come down to earth from Heaven. The quiet sky was still touched with the glory of the sunset that had not long departed from it; in one of the freshly-leaved trees a robin chirped good-night.

The strange brooding peace that comes at twilight to town and country alike lay upon the great city; Evelyn Kenford was conscious of it, though in her own soul there raged a terrible and haunting fear; though she herself stood upon the edge of an abyss, into which the least false step would send her, she yet felt for a moment strangely soothed by the quiet calm of the scene she gazed upon. Then her mood changed to one of dire despair; she turned abruptly from the window, and her small hands flew upwards to cover her face.

"I must go!" she muttered. "There is no time to be lost."

A quarter of an hour later there crept from Kenford House a black-gowned woman, her features shrouded in a thick veil, a shawl round about her throat and across her mouth, in spite of the balmy evening. Few would have recognised Lady Kenford in that disguise; casting furtive glances from side to side, she hurried down the street until she saw an empty hansom. Hailing it, she bade the driver in an agitated whisper, whose import he could with difficulty gather, drive to Alport Street, Brixton, as quickly as possible.

"I will give you double, treble your fare," she told him hoarsely, "only—only lose no time. It is a matter of life and death!"

"I'll take you as quick as any cab in London," replied the man promptly. "What number?"

"Nineteen—and—and he quick, won't you?"

"Get in, an' you'll soon see as to whether lightning's a patch on me!" was the encouraging reply; and Evelyn obeyed his injunction, cowering down in the corner, ever haunted by that horrible fear of being recognised, though a glance in the little mirror in the hansom told her how excellent was her disguise.

In her feverish longing to accomplish her errand, the drive to Lady Kenford seemed to be almost unending. Fashionable London was left behind, the river crossed, and the Countess saw with mingled pity and disgust another phase of life as the cab rattled through ill-paved side streets, crossed a thoroughfare where the shops were all lit up for the evening's shopping, and finally swung into a half-built, as yet unpaved road, with a milk shop at one corner that displayed the legend "Fresh Eggs daily" in the window, and for those who needed stronger refreshment a public-house stood opposite, with several unkempt men leaning lazily against its walls.

Evelyn shrank back in the cab, then started forward as the driver pulled up his horse before a house whose air of hideous newness was more appalling, more revolting than any decay.

"Ere you are, an' we've done it in record time," observed the cabman complacently, whilst Evelyn hurriedly paid him. "Thank you, liddy. Shall I wait and take you back?"

"No, thank you," Lady Kenford replied hastily. "I—I don't know when I shall leave."

Her gaze wandered disapprovingly over the triumph of the jerry-builder's art as she knocked for admittance. The little plot of ground in front, that might one day be a garden, was now a mass of rubbish and caked earth; an old shoe, some broken bottles, and an empty condensed-milk tin lay beneath the bow window, that was curtainless. Evelyn turned away with a shudder; the contrast between this abode and her own struck her with remorseful keenness.

The door was opened slowly, it seemed to her with obvious reluctance. Evelyn looked up, expecting to see the slatternly landlady whose appearance would go so well with the house. To her surprise, the person who had answered her knock was a man—a clergyman!

So great was her astonishment that at first she could not speak; she could only gaze at the grave, clear-cut features, the keen, light eyes that roamed on her inquiringly. A

clergyman! It seemed when Evelyn reflected on the nature of the person whose letter had brought her there that no more incongruous element could have been introduced into his life.

"Do you wish to see me?" the clergyman asked at length, and at the sound of his voice Evelyn collected her scattered senses and spoke.

"No; I—I have come to see Mr.—Danby," she said.

"He is very ill—I believe dying," answered the clergyman.

"He is ill, but in no danger," answered the clergyman.

"Won't you come in? I believe he expects a visitor."

Mechanically, Evelyn obeyed; dull, bitter resentment against the man who had deceived her swept over her. He had said in his letter that he was at death's door; she shivered as she realised how eagerly she had desired his death.

"He is upstairs," said the clergyman. "Take care, the steps are a little narrow and rather difficult unless you know them."

"Has—has he been ill long?" Evelyn asked in a low voice, as her conductor opened a door on the first landing.

"Is—there really—hope for him?"

"Every hope," replied the man calmly. "Mr. Danby, I am bringing you a visitor."

Then he closed the door, and Evelyn Kenford and Ralph Danby were face to face.

There was no more need for disguise now, and Evelyn flung back her veil and loosened the shawl from about her throat. By the light of the ill-trimmed lamp standing upon the deal table she looked, in spite of the deadly pallor, in spite of the terror in her widely-dilated eyes, a woman of imperial beauty. The man lying upon the couch, drawn near the window to catch every breath of air, gazed at her fixedly. He, too, was handsome, but the wreck of what had once been a splendid specimen of humanity.

"So you've come, Evelyn," he said quietly. "Ah, I thought my letter would bring you! Didn't you think it was kind of me and thoughtful not to come myself to see you? Won't you sit down?"

"No," she answered curtly. "Tell me—how you found out? I thought you were dead; it—nearly killed me to—over that you were alive!"

"And that you could be led up for bigamy," he supplemented lazily, shifting his position so as to command a better view of her. "I assure you, Evelyn, I had also imagined you to be dead, and it was a shock to see you—lying in the Park, the most beautiful woman in a crowd where to be plain was to be remarkable. I asked someone—"

"You were, and they told me. The Countess of Kentford, daughter-in-law of the Marquis of Inchampton; they added superfluously that you were the loveliest woman in Europe. Ah, Evelyn, that beauty of yours was your undoing! What other woman has such violet-blue eyes and such black hair? Only once in my life have I seen their counterpart; I pray Heaven I may never do so again."

He shuddered suddenly, and the Countess looked at him with faint surprise.

"Why?" she asked, but Danby shook his head.

"It has nothing to do with your story, so I needn't trouble you with it," he replied shortly. "Come, Evelyn, how much are you going to give me for keeping silent? You don't want your castle to fall about your ears, do you? You don't want to be plain Evelyn Danby, in a prison, perhaps, with only a number to identify you. You don't want your son—"

"Be silent!" she cried passionately. "I will not have his name dragged into this discussion."

"But, as it happens, he is the lever by which I trust to work you," replied Danby coolly, "and may I ask you to moderate your voice? St. Aubyn lives below; he is the curate, who is at present our lodger. Yes, I, Ralph Danby, have sunk so low as to take lodgers. It's a speculation, one that I do not think will answer, but Christabel desired to try it, and I always humour her."

"Who is Christabel?" asked Lady Kenford. She was scanning with ill-disguised scorn and repulsion the haggard, unshaven features and shifting eyes of the man who had once been her girlish ideal of all that was splendid in manhood. "Is she—your wife?"

"No, my love," Danby laughed pleasantly; "she is my niece—my brother's daughter. You never knew Ted—an excellent fellow, who drank himself to death two years ago and bequeathed me this child—she is only seventeen now—with his blessing and nothing else. She is a dear girl, and, in case of anything happening to me, although I fancy I shall outlive you all; I have left her instructions to go to you. I am sure you will find it wisest to—look after her."

"You brought me here to get money," Lady Kenford said abruptly. "I tell you that you will not succeed in your object. I know too well what blackmail means; it is the most terrible torture, and also I know you too well to put any trust in your promises. I defy you! Do your worst! After all, there is always one way of escape open to me."

"I suppose you mean suicide?" observed Danby with a shrug of his lean shoulders. "Hum, yes, but what of your son? It's rather a cowardly way of ridding yourself of your difficulties."

"If I were dead, you would have no further object in exposing me," said Evelyn quietly, although her lips quivered, "so, you see, my death would serve him best."

"You're talking like a fool!" cried Danby with sudden savage anger. He sprang from the sofa and caught her roughly by the wrists. "You shall give me money! I insist I will have it! Bah!"—he shook her contemptuously—"you dare not defy me! You talk of death—you, to whom life means everything! I'm not afraid, my dear, of your escaping me by suicide. You will pay me—aye, and pay well for the privilege of living!"

"I shall do no such thing," she answered resolutely. "I will not become your slave, your tool, your creature to torture and torment! I defy you!"

"You daren't!" he snarled, his voice rising to a shrill shriek that half aroused the curate, dozing over a theological book in the room below. "You she-fiend, you miserable wretch, you daren't!"

Unmoved she faced him, though it seemed to her that the lust for murder shone in his wicked eyes.

"Not a penny shall you have from me," she said, "and that is final."

For answer, Danby raised his clenched fist and struck her full upon her pale, proud face.

### CHAPTER THREE.

#### A Terrible Murder Is Committed.

MAURICE ST. AUBYN had worked hard that day, conscientiously fulfilling all the duties that a somewhat ease-loving rector left to him. He had returned home, if his lodgings could be dignified by such a term, weary both in mind and body, and over the dry-as-dust dissertation on the creeds that he was grappling with he had fallen asleep. Danby's strident voice had aroused him for a fleeting second, but only for a second. St. Aubyn's head sank upon the open book before him, and once again he slept.

To awake with a start and a shiver, and to discover that the lamp by which he had been reading was smoking furiously. Hastily he lowered it, yawned, stretched himself, and then glanced at the cheap little clock upon the mantel-shelf.

"She ought to be back by now," he muttered. "It's very late. I wonder has Mr. Danby's visitor left? They seemed to be having something like a dispute, or did I only dream it? Can't say, I'm sure. It's very late. Where can she be?"

Even as he spoke there was the sound of a light step outside. St. Aubyn hurried to the window and heaved a sigh of relief.

"She's come!" he murmured, and, opening his door, went out into the little hall.

"You are late, Miss Danby," he said reproachfully. "I was wondering what had become of you."

"My class kept me longer than they had the right to," replied the new-comer in a voice of peculiarly attractive quality, full, round, with a suggestion of pathos in its musical depths. "I beg your pardon, Mr. St. Aubyn, you have been waiting for your supper. I had forgotten that Mrs. Turton could not come to-night."

"My dear Miss Danby," protested the curate in horror, "you don't think that I was thinking of my supper when I said you were late? I'm not quite so selfish as that."

"All the same," said Christabel Danby, moving towards the kitchen, "you must be hungry, and I'll be as quick as I can and come and lay your cloth. Do you know how uncle is to-night?"

"Better, much better. He had a visitor," said St. Aubyn. Christabel paused upon the threshold of the kitchen and looked at the speaker in surprise.

"A visitor!" she repeated. "How funny! I didn't know uncle had any friends in this neighbourhood."

"She was quite a stranger to me; I don't think I've ever seen her before," replied Maurice St. Aubyn carelessly. "Now, I'll set my table, Miss Danby; I can do it perfectly, and I'd have done it before, only I'm ashamed to say that I fell fast asleep over my reading. Isn't that a humiliating confession to make?"

He laughed, and Christabel gave one of her slow, brilliant smiles, that lit up her rather grave face as the sun a winter landscape. She disappeared into the little kitchen, and St. Aubyn, whistling softly to himself, laid the cloth for his frugal evening meal. He was at an age when healthy humanity scorns a superfluity of food as unmanly.

"I don't think," he observed complacently, as he took the tray from Christabel, "that a parlour-maid could set a table as well as I do, Miss Danby; and I haven't forgotten anything, have I?"

Christabel's great dark eyes roamed keenly over the table, then her lovely mouth curved into a smile.

"The mustard," she said seriously; "and you wouldn't like boiled beef without it, I am sure."

"An easily rectified mistake," retorted St. Aubyn promptly. He produced the cup, bearing the words "A Present from Margate for a Good Boy," that contained the condiment, and glanced laughingly at Christabel. As he looked at her, however, he grew suddenly grave.

"You look very tired," he said, and the unconscious tenderness with which he spoke made the girl colour, "and out of spirits. What's wrong, Miss Danby? Won't you tell me?"

"What's the good?" she answered despondently. "Everything's wrong, I think, and—and I've lost the class. Miss Wells told me to-night that—that her sister's going to take it. They have lost money; their school isn't as flourishing as it was; they want to economise, and so—and so—"

"And so," said St. Aubyn gently, "Miss Susan Wells is to teach French to the aspiring youth of Peckham? I don't doubt that her intentions will be better than her accent."

"It suited me so well—and I took an interest in the girls," said Christabel disconsolately. "They were really getting on, and—and now—I don't know what we shall do or what uncle will say. Our money goes—oh, so fast; I don't know where or how, but it does. I wish I were older; uncle says I'm too young to manage."

St. Aubyn was silent; he was thinking, as he remembered Mr. Danby's frequent visits to the public-house—visits at first made stealthily, then with boldness—that it was only too plain how the finances of the household were spent, but he could not say so to Christabel.

"It's stupid of me to cry," she exclaimed, dashing away her tears. "I've got to take uncle his supper, and it vexes him so if he sees I am unhappy. It's your fault, Mr. St. Aubyn, for making me talk about my woes"—she smiled wanly—"it's best to keep them to one's self."

"Not from me, Christabel!" St. Aubyn exclaimed earnestly. "Don't you know that I'd do anything for you rather than see you unhappy? Christabel, don't you know that I love you?"

He took her hand and attempted to draw her to him, but the girl resisted.

"What is the use of talking to me like that?" she said with a sigh. "You know it is foolish and absurd and can only lead to unhappiness. Please let go my hand, Mr. St. Aubyn! I must take uncle's supper up to him."

"But, Christabel—Miss Danby, you're not going to put

me off like that!" protested Maurice aghast. "I tell you I love you! I want you to honour me by being my wife."

"Your wife!" Christabel's heavy-lidded eyes were raised to his, in them a flash of half-incredulous joy. "Ah, it's no good, I tell you! It's only misery for us both. We can't marry! Let go my hand, and—and forget all about me."

"I shall do no such thing!" he retorted masterfully. "I won't let you go until you have given me your answer."

"Let me see how Uncle Ralph is first," she said. "His supper's out in the hall. Let me—"

"I'll take it up to him!" interrupted Maurice firmly. "You're far too tired to go running up and down stairs. Wait here! I'll be back at once."

Christabel obeyed him, after a protest, and St. Aubyn caught up the tray on which was arranged his landlord's frugal supper, and hurried upstairs with it. Receiving no answer to his knock, he entered Mr. Danby's room without further ceremony.

"I hope," began the curate cheerily, and then the tray crashed from his nerveless hands, glass and china shivered into fragments, as he fell back in horror and loathing, gazing upon a sight that turned the blood in his veins to ice—a sight so fearful that at first he deemed it must be some hideous nightmare that held him in its thrall.

For before him, with white face upturned to the ceiling, lay Ralph Danby, with a gaping wound in his breast!

### CHAPTER FOUR.

#### Revenge is Left to Me.

MAURICE ST. AUBYN had often come face to face with death, had ministered to many dying beds, and beyond the awe and reverence with which the last act of man's eventful history fills all, save the unthinking and the careless, he had experienced no fear, no repulsion towards The Great Mystery. Too often had he appeared to Maurice as the true friend, the solver of so many difficulties, the physician for those manifold evils that He alone can cure.

But now he shrank in horror from this awful snapping of life's cord; Ralph Danby lay before him dead, but he had come to his end by no natural means. Murder or Suicide? Which was it?

Overcoming his strong repugnance to approach the body, St. Aubyn knelt down beside it, and looked fearfully into the distorted face. Had the man suffered, he wondered, as he reverently closed the glazed eyes. Had the tearing of soul and body apart by such violent means been attended with pain and anguish? And who had done this foul deed? As he asked himself the question, a light hand was laid upon his shoulder, and, looking up, he beheld Christabel, gazing fixedly at what a short time ago had been Ralph Danby.

At sight of her, Maurice St. Aubyn's bewildered faculties cleared themselves, and he regained his self-control. He rose hurriedly, and, putting an arm about the girl's slender waist, attempted to draw her away.

"You shouldn't have come here, Christabel!" he said reproachfully. "This is no place for you. Go downstairs! Call for help! Get a policeman—anyone—but don't come here!"

"Why shouldn't I?" Christabel demanded with a composure that in the circumstances was more painful than a display of grief. "Something has happened to my uncle!" She trembled, and St. Aubyn, thinking that she was about to fall, clasped her closer; but she resisted. "No, I am not going to faint," she said calmly; "don't be afraid of that. Uncle Ralph is dead. He has been killed—murder has been done!"

"My dear, you must not stay here! You can do no good!" pleaded St. Aubyn. "It's a horrible, a ghastly affair, and I would give anything if it had not happened!"

The inadequacy of the words struck him; he looked helplessly at Christabel, whose gaze was still fixed upon the dead man. Suddenly she freed herself from Maurice's detaining arms, and, bending over the body, raised one heavy hand and clasped it in hers.

"See here!" she whispered. "Look what he is holding!"

She pointed to a piece of black cloth, evidently torn from some garment, held in the fingers of the dead with a grip that it was impossible to loosen. Maurice started as he gazed at what might be the one clue to the tracking down of the perpetrator of the crime.

"The woman in black!" he murmured, and a cold dew broke out upon his forehead. Surely, he argued, no woman could have done such a thing! He tried to recall the features of the visitor he had conducted that evening to Danby, but with no avail. So muffled up had she been that he could only recall the fact that she was very tall, and that her voice had been that of a well-bred person.

"They will find out through that who did it," said Christabel, pointing to the scrap of cloth clasped in the stiff fingers. "That is all that is left me now—revenge—revenge on those who killed him!"

"Don't, Christabel! You mustn't talk like that!" exclaimed St. Aubyn, as she turned from fixed contemplation of the dead man to him. "Dearest, for Heaven's sake, go now; I will stay here!"—he glanced shudderingly at the still form upon the ground. "You must give the alarm!"

For a moment Christabel hesitated, but finally she obeyed. Maurice drew a long breath of relief when she had quitted the room. The strain her presence had imposed on him had been almost more than he could bear.

He wanted to think, to collect his thoughts, to try to make out in his own mind the possibility that the woman who had called to see Danby that evening had committed the crime. How was it, he asked himself, that he had heard nothing of the squabble that must have taken place? He recollected having been disturbed for a moment by angry, raised voices in the room above his sitting-room, but then all had been silence, and he had fallen asleep again.

He glanced doubtfully about him; there were no signs of a struggle, of a fight for life; the furniture was not disarranged, nothing was overturned.

"If there had been a regular scuffle, I must have heard it," St. Aubyn decided; "though I am a heavy sleeper, I

couldn't have slept through such an uproar. How was it, though, that the sound of the body falling did not rouse me? I should have thought that it would have shaken the house.

His meditations were interrupted by the return of Christabel Danby, accompanied by a policeman.

He listened with keenest attention to Maurice St. Aubyn's tale, endeavoured to badger, coax, and bully the curate into a more accurate description of the woman in black who had visited the deceased that evening, and finally made a most minute and careful examination of the room.

"Christabel," said Maurice in a low voice to the girl, who leant against the door, watching with painful anxiety the constable's proceedings, "get ready, and let me take you for the night to the deaconess. You can't stay here, and I know that she will have you."

"I can't leave him!" she looked at Danby. "It—it would be cruel!"

"I will stay," answered St. Aubyn authoritatively; "you can't remain, Christabel. Go and put on your hat, and be as quick as you can. I want to get you out of this terrible house."

She was inclined to resist, but his firm attitude left her no choice, and reluctantly she obeyed him, and he conducted her downstairs and through the little crowd that had gathered before the house, attracted by the rumour of murder as vultures are attracted by the reek of carrion.

It was a relief to St. Aubyn to put Christabel in the charge of the kindly deaconess, who received the half-stunned girl with open arms when she had gathered the import of the curate's hurried story.

#### CHAPTER FIVE. The Arrest.

"AND I think that Evelyn ought to be made to see that she is behaving wrongly, that Guy is getting quite ruined. A worse brought-up boy I don't wish to meet anywhere. I can't remonstrate with her, but you could, Inchhampton. She is not my daughter-in-law, thank Heaven, but, of course, your allowing them to have Kenford House has made her quite unbearable. She thinks that she can twist you round her little finger. I only hope that you'll never regret your kindness."

"My dear Anne, really I think you exaggerate," said Lord Inchhampton with an air of slight embarrassment. "Evelyn is an admirable wife to Alsager, and an excellent mother. I must say I have never noticed that Guy isn't—well—like other boys. All boys," added the Marquis firmly, "are nuisances. What is it Plato observes: 'A boy is the most vicious of all wild beasts.' I assure you, I agree with him most heartily."

"There are boys and boys," observed Mrs. Capel oracularly. "Guy is a naughty, tiresome child, and Evelyn has not an idea of bringing him up. That is all I have to say, Inchhampton, and I know that you ought to speak to her."

"My dear Anne, really—I think that you are going a little too far!" observed Lord Inchhampton. "You know my motto: 'Never interfere between married people, especially about their children.' It has been my rule since Alsager married, and we have all got on most harmoniously. I am very fond of Evelyn; she is as beautiful in character as she is in person."

The Marquis looked with some complacency at his cousin as he pronounced what he dimly felt to be an approach to an epigram.

"For my part," Mrs. Capel said solemnly, "I have never felt at ease with Evelyn; there is—there is something about her—that keeps me from growing intimate with her—a reserve, an aloofness, a—in short, a something that is repellent to persons of a frank and open disposition. I always feel that I have nothing in common with her."

"She is uncommonly clever," observed the Marquis abstractedly, and Mrs. Capel eyed him indignantly, as though suspecting a double meaning lurking, like a snake, in the apparently harmless words.

"So my visit has been to no purpose, Inchhampton?" she observed, rising with dignity. "You do not see your way to speaking to Evelyn, or—or to Alsager on the subject of Guy?"

"I'm hanged if I do!" replied the Marquis with sudden energy. "Let people manage their own affairs; it's the only policy, and, if nations would apply it to each other as well as to individuals, we should not have these complications in the Far East and elsewhere. The love of interfering in our neighbours' affairs is the curse of humanity, and—"

"Well, well, I didn't come here to listen to a moral dissertation," interposed Mrs. Capel crossly. "Are you coming down to South Keys for this week-end, Hugh?"—she allowed a little amiability to creep into her voice. "Evelyn and Alsager are coming, so there is an attraction for you, and Cynthia; you and she always get on so well together."

The Marquis assented to this statement; he was a little afraid of his cousin, and, save on the subject of his daughter-in-law, always agreed with her, if it was in any way possible to do so.

Cynthia Audley was Mrs. Capel's cousin, and an energetic young woman who had much desired to be Countess of Kenford, but, failing that, had no objection to becoming second Marchioness of Inchhampton.

"I am going to call on Evelyn this afternoon," observed Mrs. Capel; "she isn't well. I was surprised not to see her at the reception the night before last. Alsager told me she hadn't felt up to accompanying him. It is a pity when a strong young woman gets into the habit of coddling herself."

"It is," agreed Evelyn's father-in-law. "Give her my love, Anne, and say I am looking forward to seeing her at South Keys on Friday."

Mrs. Capel graciously intimated that she would convey this message to its destination, and then, much to Inchhampton's relief, she took her departure.

"Poor Evelyn," he said with sincere sympathy, "it's very hard on you to have to grapple with Anne when you're not well, but I can't help being thankful that I am free from her. She is like a blister—she has her uses, but, all the same, is most unpleasant!"

Lady Kenford heard, with a shrinking of both spirit and body from the ordeal, that Mrs. Capel desired to know whether she might see her, but she knew that to plead illness would not keep out the indomitable lady, who, amongst other faults, had the vice of possessing an infallible cure for every disease to which her friends could fall a victim, and would like nothing better than to try some nostrum upon her cousin.

"Draw down the blinds," Lady Kenford commanded, "and give me that fan, please, Masson! Now bring Mrs. Capel in."

"Dear me, Evelyn," Mrs. Capel observed briskly, "I'm sorry to find you so poorly. Have you had Sir Prembitt to see you?"

"No; it's nothing—only the heat!" replied the Countess, withdrawing her hand with determination. "Won't you sit down, Anne?"

"Thank you! Why do you keep in this miserable dark atmosphere?—it's most depressing," observed Mrs. Capel. She raised her long-handled eyeglass as she spoke, and through it scrutinised Evelyn keenly. "Goodness me, what have you done to your face?"

Involuntarily Lady Kenford turned away her head.

"I—I slipped," she said in a low voice, "and—and struck myself, that's all."

"How did you manage it?" persisted Mrs. Capel. "Where did you fall?"

"In—in this room," answered Evelyn, writhing beneath the cross-questioning. "Please don't worry me about it, Anne! Alsager has been doing that until I hardly know how to reply civilly. It—it looks bad, the bruise, but it doesn't hurt much. Please talk of something else!"

"I came to see you chiefly about our jumble sale," observed Mrs. Capel; "you said I might have all the things that Masson did not claim. You haven't forgotten your promise, I hope?"

"No," murmured Lady Kenford. "I spoke to Masson; she has sent everything to South Keys."

"You will be well enough to come down, I suppose?"

"Quite, thank you!"

"Evelyn," said Mrs. Capel softly, "you're keeping something from me—something is distressing you, my dear. Have—have you and Alsager had—well—had a little tiff? About Guy?"—the speaker's voice was so soft and caressing that she seemed to purr her words—"or—or any other cause? That mark upon your face—"

She came to a dead stop; Lady Kenford had started from her recumbent position and was regarding her fixedly. There was that in the deep violet blue eyes that made Mrs. Capel shrink back. She trembled before the rage and indignation that blazed in those wonderful eyes.

"I am sorry," she stammered, much disconcerted, "but—but really, Evelyn, you know you look so odd; one never knows, and Alsager is hasty, so—"

Again she stopped; Lady Kenford rose and looked at the speaker steadily.

"So you thought that my husband and I had been having a fight after the fashion of the alums?" she said slowly. "Thank you for your good opinion of us, Anne! We have not sunk so low—yet!"

"Then," said Mrs. Capel viciously, "you should give a more credible account of how you got that mark, Evelyn. Fall, indeed! I don't believe it!"

How she received the blow! The memory of that scene was with Lady Kenford still—would haunt her to her dying day. She put her hand to her cheek, and the swollen, bruised flesh shrank from her touch. There was truth, she reflected wildly, in what Mrs. Capel suggested; she had been struck by her husband, the man who would turn her adrift from Alsager's side, who would cause the clouds of shame to gather about her son, her only son!

"No, no!" she cried aloud, answering this train of thought. "Not that! I can die—there is always death!"

She cast herself down upon the couch, and, turning her face to the wall, wept bitterly—tears of utter despair, of one who has forever abandoned hope—and at that moment Lord Kenford entered the room.

Any doubts Mrs. Capel might have entertained as to the affectionate terms upon which husband and wife stood were dispelled by Alsager's manner towards his wife. He soothed her, taking her in his arms as a mother would take a child and putting back the heavy hair that shaded her face, kissed her tenderly.

"I am sorry to find you still so ill, my dear," he said. "for—I am afraid I have brought you distressing, painful news. I would have avoided doing so, had it been possible, but it was not."

Evelyn looked up fearfully into the kind eyes fixed upon her.

"Tell me what it is," she murmured. The thought flashed through her brain that it could not be the one thing she dreaded night and day, or Alsager would not hold her in his arms. "You are keeping me in suspense."

"It really is a most absurd and annoying thing," observed Kenford, clearing his throat; "in fact, it seems to me far-fetched to a quite extraordinary degree, but—there was a murder committed in Brixton the night before last—a man was killed, and—the police are here to arrest Masson, your maid, on the charge of having killed him."

(Another long instalment next week.)

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## WHAT CLEVER MEN AND WOMEN ARE SAYING.

Bright Paragraphs Written by Bright People.

A BRAVE man doesn't think, he acts.—H. Rider Haggard.

WOMEN can always look volumes, why should they trouble to write them?—Edwin Pugh.

THE English from their independence and self-possession make admirable heroes.—Jules Verne.

RHYTHM and time in the art of music have to come from the heart, not from the machine.—Dr. Joachim.

HERRY, excitement, bustle, these are not good for people. Let us go slow and live long.—Frank T. Bullen.

TRIFLING jokes and pleasures are often the most enjoyable, just as the small ills are the least endurable.—Mrs. Alec Tweedie.

THERE is no nation under the sun in which the average woman is so persistently and usefully busy as in the United Kingdom.—M. Betham Edwards.

THERE is only one way in which a man or woman can develop real strength, and that is to fight unceasingly and to stand absolutely alone.—Gertrude Atherton.

To go a-fishing in the pond of the past is a pastime not devoid of charm. What old, forgotten, far-off things can be dragged up by the assiduous angler!—Ella Hepworth Dixon.

To borrow one's mental fare from Free Libraries is like picking up eatables dropped by someone else on the road and making one's dinner off another's leftovers.—Marie Corelli.

A GENTLEMAN is a man who is gentle in thought, word, and deed. He is a good son, husband, father, friend, and is generally true and just in all his dealings.—Rev. E. J. Hardy, M.A.

THAT we have a knocker on our doors means that we are not bores and barbarians, that we do not call on a man by climbing into a window or dropping down a chimney.—G. K. Chesterton.

IN my experience the best prophets of the chances of a play have always been the fair sex who in this, as in most matters, can generally put us right if we will only listen to them.—Arthur Boucher.

RECRUITS in the Army are mostly boys, and are great eaters and little drinkers, but because of the attractions of the wet canteen they soon become great drinkers and little eaters.—Earl Grey.

By leading people to suppose that you are as wise as themselves, you lose opportunities of obtaining useful information. They won't tell you things they think you know already.—Sarah Grand.

If you now grow up to be free men in a free land, privileged to think or to pray as your conscience shall direct, you may thank God that you are reaping the harvest which your fathers sowed in blood and suffering.—Sir A. Conan Doyle.

I AM not at all sure that, when the really big dramatist for whom we are all looking appears, he will not show us that people are not, perhaps, quite so bad, even serious people, as they seem to be when represented on the stage.—J. M. Barrie.

THE real crises of life are those that the stories leave untold. It is not the sudden blow, but the learning how to bear the bruise afterwards, that constitutes experience; not the delirium of fever, but the weariness of convalescence.—John A. Stuart.

NEVER has the world seen such a nation as Britain, and there is much excuse for the feeling that she is entitled to continue to inherit the earth. She still wants more, when what surprises everyone conversant with her position is how she ever succeeded in getting and doing so much. I am impressed every time I look into the figures.—Andrew Carnegie.

THE old-world naïveté of Europe appears to the American woman quite out of date, the retiring dignity, the restraint, the self-effacement of the European woman is repugnant to her. Her ambition is to win the recognition of her bright intelligence. She likes to pass for a person of energetic nerve, ready at a moment's notice for action of every description.—Dr. Emil Reich.

THE journalist alone has the privilege of moulding the opinion, touching the hearts, and appealing to the reason of hundreds of thousands every day. The soldier may wait forty years for his opportunity, most lawyers, most physicians, most clergymen, die in obscurity, but every single day opens new doors for the journalist who holds the confidence of the community and has the capacity to address it.—Jos. Pulitzer.

WE have ceased to realise that it is in the simple real life of the self-respecting community of a rural population that the country's truest riches are to be found, not in the pride of possession of tracts of wasted land, or in the money-bags amassed in the city, or in the speculator's uncertain accumulation of wealth. But wherever the air is pure, where the houses are clean, and the hearts are happy, there a nation's sons and daughters are well born.—Lady Henry Somerset.

## THE MYSTERY OF A SILENT COURT.

By the Author of "The Haunted House in Berkeley Square," "A Bitter Inheritance," etc.

### CHAPTER FORTY-FOUR. The Remarkable Visit.

*All is not well.  
I doubt some foul play.*

—SHAKESPEARE.

EVELYN SILVER sat by the open window of her room, and looked out down the street between the leaves of the virginia creeper. She was left alone with her thoughts, to think and wait. Her father, who was distinctly better in health, had retired to the study, while Gerald Minton, as was known, was engaged in finding the buried treasure.

Of a sudden she became aware of hurried, limping footsteps that approached the house. As the figure came under the light of a street-lamp, she noticed it was Caleb Rue. What was the matter? How was it he came alone, and in such haste? Something extraordinary had happened evidently!

Evelyn was downstairs in an instant, and had the door open as the young man was coming through the gate. He ran up the steps, but could not speak for some minutes for want of breath.

"What has happened?" cried the girl excitedly, her heart throbbing wildly in her breast.

Caleb came into the hall, and Evelyn shut the door.

"Is anything the matter with Mr. Minton?" she asked, clasping her hands in an agony of mind.

"No—no," replied the youth, gaining breath, "there is nothing fearful the matter. On the contrary, it is good news—grand news!"

Evelyn sat down on the stairs and burst into tears, much to the dismay of Caleb Rue, who stood by playing with his nervous, pale lips with the fingers of his powerful hands. He had a wonderfully cunning expression in his eyes as he looked at the weeping girl at his feet.

As to his sentiments, it was difficult to express their intensity. The predominant feeling was that he adored Evelyn Silver; the passion for her had sprung up in this strange heart the moment he had seen her when she called upon his late master.

As has already been seen, this Caleb was an extraordinary mixture of good and evil. We are all made up of these two, but, in the case of this young man, vice and virtue were carried to extremes.

At one time he had been willing to sacrifice his life for Evelyn Silver, to die on the gallows in place of her lover, but now the tide had turned in the other direction.

"None shall possess her but I!" he vowed to himself, and he was a dangerous individual to make a vow.

"Why should she not be for me?" he thought to himself, as he greedily eyed the weeping girl, even more beautiful in her tears. "Is it because I halt in my walk, and that I have an ugly face that she cannot be for me? Women do not always marry handsome men. My excuse, you say? I have only one—I love her!"

"Tell me—tell me this good news," said Evelyn, drying her tears and rising to his feet. "It will be something so new, so welcome, so different from what it has been of late!"

"You are not to hear it from my lips," replied Caleb, glancing uneasily at the door. "You are to come with me at once to Mr. Minton. You will be with him in a quarter of an hour."

Miss Silver hurried upstairs and made herself ready to go out; she had not the slightest suspicion that anything was wrong as she made haste to the hall again where the young man was waiting.

Evelyn called to her maid that she was going out, but would only be gone a short time, and went.

Caleb and the unsuspecting girl walked quickly down the street.

"Is it far?" she asked.

"No, it is not far," he answered dreamily.

They almost immediately came to a cab stand.

"I was told to drive you there, as it would be quicker," said Caleb. "Will you get into this hansom?"

Miss Silver stepped into the cab, and the young man, having given directions to the driver—directions she did not hear—jumped in after her.

And so they drove off.

About an hour and a half after this, being a little after midnight, it was that Mr. Jarvis and Gerald Minton arrived at Sitwell Street, brought thither by the dog from Waterloo Station. They were naturally thunderstruck at being brought to this spot of all others.

Why should Jabez Brown come here with his stolen wealth? For it must be borne in mind that up to now the two had been under the impression that they were following that drunken but astute robber, Caleb having hardly been thought of.

But it suddenly dawned on Mr. Jarvis, to that worthy gentleman's extreme annoyance, that perhaps, after all, the dog had only been on the heels of the sickly youth as he returned to his temporary home to bed, instead of the possessor of the lately hidden treasure.

But a few inquiries and they would know the truth, so they knocked at the door and were admitted by Evelyn's maid. The girl was somewhat surprised.

"I thought you were Miss Evelyn!" she said.

"What! Is Miss Silver out this time of night?" exclaimed Gerald. "Has she gone alone?"

"I don't think so; I heard her speaking to someone," replied the maid, "but I did not see him. It was a man's voice. Miss Silver called out to me that she would not be long."

"And how long ago was that?" asked Mr. Jarvis.

"Over an hour ago," was the answer.

"No doubt Mr. Silver knows where his daughter has gone; let us go and ask him immediately," said Minton, stepping towards the library.

"Mr. Silver knows nothing about it," replied the girl, becoming more anxious as she watched the faces of the two men, "and he has been in bed this half hour."

Gerald and Mr. Jarvis went to the study, the dog with them, and here they were brought something to eat and drink, while they waited for the return of Evelyn Silver.

It was now the men's turn to wait; they showed not the same patience as Miss Silver had done while sitting at her open window. In fact, Minton paced the room up and down like a caged and restless lion, while Mr. Jarvis overdid it by his assumed coolness. They both ate little, Gerald hardly a morsel, and at the expiration of about half an hour they were away again.

"We will try the dog," said the detective; "perhaps he will take up the scent from here, and continue to follow this person, whoever he may be."

They let Teck out of the front door, and he seemed immediately to understand what was required of him. He began making his circles in the little front garden, but could not extend them far, owing to the limited space.

He was soon, however, through the gate and going in an opposite direction to that by which they had come from Waterloo.

This was joy to the two men; it convinced them that the animal was on the trail. Their hopes ran high, their hearts beat fast with expectation. They were doomed to keen disappointment, for the dog only brought them to a cab-stand, with a hansom cab with a sleeping driver as its only occupant.

Teck refused to go further, so it was evident that Evelyn and her companion had driven away from here. The sleeping cabman was awakened, but knew nothing of the matter, so all he did was to swear at them when he saw they were not going to hire his cab.

They came to a constable about a hundred yards away: he was no wiser than the cabman, but more civil. Mr. Jarvis looked blankly at Gerald. What were they to do? Which direction were they to take—north, south, east, or west? They knew not.

### CHAPTER FORTY-FIVE.

#### The Timely Accident.

*There is a Divinity that shapes our ends,  
Rough-hew them how we will.*

—SHAKESPEARE.

EVELYN drove away with Caleb, wondering what new development was about to take place, and eager to meet Mr. Gerald Minton and Mr. Jarvis.

For some time she remained silent as the hansom bowed along, being content to watch the youth who accompanied her, as he rested his elbows on the doors of the cab and his chin on his hands, looking straight before him, saying never a word.

Suddenly the strange situation struck the girl. Here was she driving away from her father's house, late at night, with a young man she knew next to nothing about; but surely the circumstances warranted such a procedure? Even as she said this to herself she began to doubt it, and once the doubt came into her mind, her fears grew rapidly.

"Where are we going, Mr. Rue?" she asked at last.

"Away!" was the short reply.

"Away! Where? I should like to know where I am being taken," said Evelyn more decidedly.

He did not answer for a couple of minutes, and, when he did, turned and faced Miss Silver.

"Oh, miss," he said with considerable passion, "if I could only remember something—one little thing might set my memory working—I could tell you that which you would give those lovely eyes of yours to hear! If I could only remember one point, I believe I could show you that which would bring unutterable joy to your sad heart. I should love to make you happy."

Evelyn Silver shrank back into the corner of the seat. What was the meaning of this? Was she dealing with a madman?

"You do not answer my question," said the girl sternly, affecting a courage she by no means felt. "Tell me immediately where we are going, or I shall stop the cab and return home."

Caleb Rue laughed, positively laughed, which was a rare exhibition of feeling for him. It was rather a pleasant laugh, although Evelyn did not think so.

"I remember so well when you called at my poor master's house," went on the young man, ignoring Miss Silver's question and threat. "How pale you were, but how—how beautiful!"

He turned again and feasted his eyes on Evelyn's lovely face. She endeavoured to raise herself so as to push open the trap-door at the top of the cab, but Caleb placed his strong hand on her shoulder and pressed her down. He did it so easily that she was appalled at his strength.

"Sit quiet!" said he roughly. "And if you attempt to scream I will hold my hand over your mouth. See how strong I am!"

As he spoke he seized her two hands in his left, and held her for a few minutes as if in a vice; then he released her. She was terribly frightened. What was to be done?

"Would you like the window down?" he asked. "You will get wet."

"No; I should stifle!" she cried.

"Let me see," he went on thoughtfully, "where had I got to? Oh, your first visit, when first I saw you. Do you know I worshipped you at that moment?"

Evelyn felt faint.

"Do you know what my feelings are towards you now?" he said, bending forward until the girl could feel his hot breath on her cheek. Such a position was no longer to be endured. Miss Silver gathered herself together for a desperate struggle. It was not needed.

Crash! The cab was going Citywards; as the horse trod on the asphalt pavement in Newgate Street, it slipped and fell heavily, the doors of the hansom flew open, and Caleb Rue was thrown out on to the pavement, and, striking his head, was rendered unconscious. Evelyn, fortunately, retained her seat, as did the driver.

The horse gave half a dozen frantic plunges and regained his feet, and everything was as it had been, excepting that Caleb was insensible. If the truth must be told, Miss Silver for this was devoutly thankful.

Now, the question was, what was to be done next?

Half-a-dozen voices said the hospital, but Evelyn was aware that Mr. Jarvis attached a great deal of importance to retaining his hold on Caleb, so to this she objected.

"Put him back in the cab, and I will take him home," she said firmly.

On being put back into the cab, Caleb opened his eyes, and it turned out that he was not so much hurt as was at first imagined.

Now it is a strange thing, but one known to medical men, that whereas a blow on the head may, and often does, lead to loss of memory, it sometimes restores it.

It was so with Caleb Rue; when he opened his eyes he saw with an extraordinary clearness. He said nothing, however, but drove back with Evelyn with a sore head, but a clear mind.

### CHAPTER FORTY-SIX.

#### Caleb the Seer.

*The value of a thought cannot be told.*

—BAILEY.

MR. JARVIS and Gerald Minton were on the pavement outside the house in Sitwell Street, walking impatiently up and down, when the cab arrived with Evelyn and Caleb.

Never were two men more relieved in mind. Evelyn told the story of Caleb's strange behaviour, and Gerald was for at once administering a sound thrashing to the sickly youth, but Mr. Jarvis and Miss Silver interposed on his behalf.

"Oh, I can take care of myself, thank you!" said Rue, stretching out his powerful hands and yawning. "Don't you think I can, Mr. Jarvis? You ought to know something about the strength of this right arm; it was strong enough to hold you in mid-air for some little time."

"Enough of that!" said the detective severely. "What you and I have done together has nothing to do with your behaviour to this young lady; your conduct has been cowardly in the extreme."

"I believe you are right," said Caleb sadly, and pressing his wounded head; "I believe you are right. It was a cowardly thing to do, but, as you know, sir, I'm not always in my right senses."

"I'm not so sure of that," replied Mr. Jarvis. "You are rather in the habit of making this excuse; I begin to doubt you. Now, tell me, what do you know about the disappearance from the wood of the buried treasure?"

"It may be cowardly," went on the young man, ignoring the last question, "but, to be candid with you, I am very much in love with this young lady, and why cannot I possess her? I am ugly, I know, and deformed, but my heart is as good as this hero's" (and he pointed to Gerald), "and, as to brain, I daresay I have as much brain as he, although mine is a little crooked. He's only good at music—very good at music."

"You talk in a very silly fashion," the detective answered with some irritability. "If you were as handsome as an Adonis, Miss Silver would not care for you; she has given her heart to another; now on this point don't be foolish any more. I want an answer to my question. What do you know about the treasure that has been taken from the wood in Richmond Park?"

"Well, Mr. Jarvis," said Caleb deliberately and after pausing for at least a couple of minutes, "I don't know, but I have a very shrewd suspicion; also, you will be pleased to hear sir, that I have got my memory back."

"You can tell us—" began Mr. Jarvis.

"Nearly everything you wish to know," replied the youth, rising from his chair; "but my head aches. I have cut it; I will go and wash it, then I shall go to bed; in the morning, unless any change takes place here" (once more he touched his head) "I will talk to you, while our friend here plays his music. I will talk to you, and what I shall say I shall be prepared to swear to in any court of law. Good-night!"

Caleb went to the room that had been allotted to him, having faithfully promised not to attempt to escape, and making no objection to being locked in.

"I suppose he's right," he said to himself. "Indeed, I'm sure he must be. I am silly and foolish. To-morrow, after I have spoken, I shall be of no use to any of them; I shall be allowed to go in peace and starve, after I have given my evidence; the best thing for me to do would be to make a hole in the Thames. Who will miss me?—not one living soul! And yet," he continued after a pause, "that is not right; God gave me my life, and I must keep it, poor thing that it is."

He flung himself round, fell on to his knees beside the bed, buried his face in his hands, and prayed; he also wept bitterly.

The prayer and the tears did him good. He rose to his feet, turned out the gas, jumped into bed, and was soon asleep.

He was one of the first in the house to wake in the morning; his head pained him a little, but not sufficiently to give him much trouble; he dressed, but was unable to leave his room as he was locked in. He had, however, not long to wait, for Mr. Jarvis, also an early bird, soon made his appearance.

"What! Up already?" exclaimed the detective. "And how's the head?"

"A little tender."

"And how's the contents of the head, eh?"

"All sound, sir."

"Then come along downstairs," replied Mr. Jarvis, leading the way, "and let's have it."

"Not till I've had my breakfast," said Caleb decidedly. "After breakfast the play shall begin; we'll set the seats, and Mr. Minton shall be the orchestra."

"You think a deal of eating, Caleb," answered Mr. Jarvis smiling.

"Yes, sir, it's a pleasant occupation, particularly if you are not used to it!" replied the youth.

The meal was partaken of in comparative silence, for all were on the tip-toe of expectancy.

(To be concluded.)

# KIDNEY TROUBLE AFFECTS DIFFERENT PEOPLE DIFFERENTLY.



"Every Picture  
Tells a Story."

Though no two persons alike are affected in precisely the same way by kidney disorder, the danger is always equally great. One man may suffer from pains in the back and loins, or from rheumatism—another may have urinary troubles, and his eyes may be puffy and swollen; one woman may notice heart irregularity, she may be sleepless, nervous and despondent—her neighbour may have all the symptoms of dropsy or Bright's disease. It depends on the sufferer's constitution, and the nature of the impurities kept back in the body by the blood-filters—the kidneys.

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"About two years ago I got wet through and caught a severe cold," says Mr. Philip Chesterfield, of East Hill, St. Austell. "My kidneys were affected, and I began to suffer from cruel pains in my back and loins, also from urinary troubles. I got so bad at last that I had to take to my bed, where I lay six weeks in dreadful suffering. Inflammation of the kidneys followed, and although I went under medical treatment, I got no better. It was then that I began using Doan's Backache Kidney Pills, and I must say that this medicine has done me more good than anything else I ever used. The first few doses gave me great relief, and now I feel stronger and better in every way. (Signed) PHILIP CHESTERFIELD."

Mrs. Allen, 17 Ann's Hill Road, Gosport, Hants, says:—"I was so ill before I used Doan's Backache Kidney Pills that my friends and the doctor thought I was going to die. It all began through weakness following childbirth. My feet and body swelled, and I suffered fearful agony. My temperature was high, and I was weak and miserable. There were also other distinct signs of kidney disorder. Soon after I began with Doan's Pills I felt easier and better, and now I am well."

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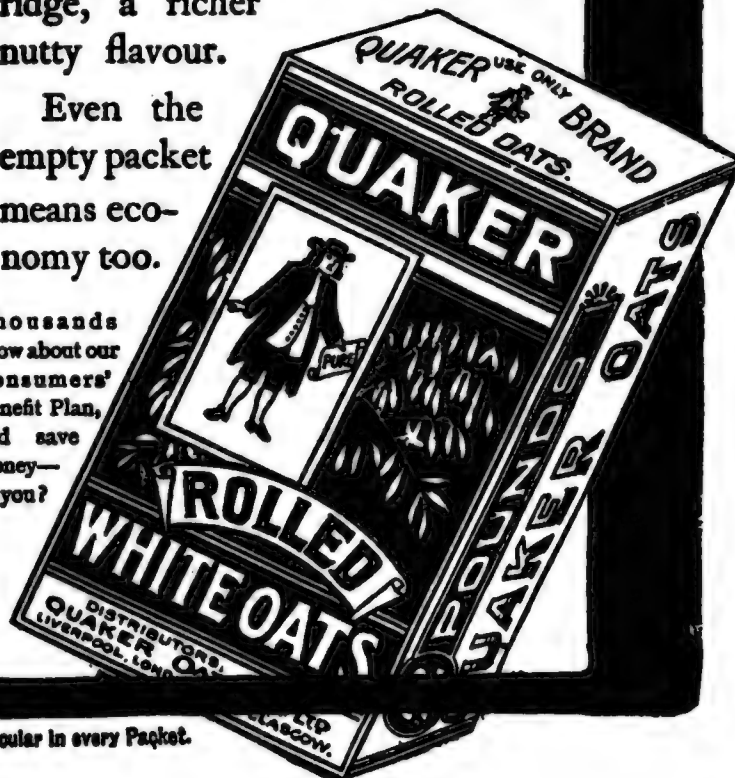
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## HOME NOTES PAGE.

### SOME DAINY DISHES.

**Fried Bananas** cooked as follows are delicious: Cut the fruit in three lengthwise, dip each piece in flour, and fry in hot butter. Drain on paper, and serve very hot. Hand sugar and lemon with them.

**Hard Biscuits.** Make a nice smooth, stiff dough with the best white flour and new milk; add a little salt. Roll out, divide into biscuits and prick all over. Bake in a brisk oven for about ten minutes.

**Chocolate Filling for Sandwiches** and sponge cakes can be made thus: Grate some good chocolate and place it in a saucepan to heat through, stir it to prevent burning. Spread this evenly on to the bread or sponge cake while hot.

**When Cold Meat is to be Served Hot** in any way, remember that very slow cooking and most careful seasoning are necessary. All dishes made from cooked-up meat should have either vegetables, macaroni, or rice served with them. Tomatoes and mushrooms are always an addition to these dishes.

**Sultana Pudding** is appreciated at this time of the year if nicely boiled in a cloth for three hours. Rub three ounces of finely chopped suet into six ounces of flour, add one teaspoonful of baking powder, one ounce of sugar, and three ounces of sultanas. Make all into a light dough with one egg beaten up in a little milk.

**Beetroot and Potato** make an excellent winter salad. Cut a boiled beetroot into slices, put it into a bowl. Season with vinegar and let it remain six hours. Steam in their skins six potatoes, peel and slice them carefully, and while warm pour over the beetroot juice. Add a dressing of salad oil, pepper, salt, and chopped parsley. Garnish the salad with slices of hard-boiled egg, and chopped celery tops.

**A Useful Pork Pie** may be made as follows, and is excellent served cold: Use any scraps of pork, but keep the lean and fat separate. Beat the lean thoroughly and cut into small pieces. Put a layer of fat at the bottom of the dish, then a layer of lean, season both with pepper and salt; repeat the layers till the dish is full. Cover with good pastry and bake in a moderate oven. Fill with some gravy made from the bones, etc., using a funnel for the purpose.

**Creamed Haddock.** Take the meat off a fresh haddock in fillets. Grease a baking tin with butter or clarified beef dripping. Set the fish on it, squeeze the juice of half a lemon over it, season with salt and cayenne, cover with greased paper. Bake in a steady oven for ten minutes. Make some good white sauce, pour the liquid from the fish into it. Stir all together, and season. Slip the fish on to a hot dish and pour the sauce over. Scatter some browned breadcrumbs over and serve. (Reply to SIMCOX.)

**Bran Bread.** Weigh two pounds of bran and five pounds of wheat flour; put into a pan and make a hole in the centre. Mix two ounces and a half of yeast with one quart of warm water. Pour this into the pan and with a spoon work enough flour into it to form a light batter. Dust some flour over it and set to rise for an hour near the fire. After this time the dough will have risen and the meal will be cracked. Then work in more water and one dessertspoonful of salt, till all is kneaded into a light dough and the paste has worked off the hands. Set this to rise for an hour, covering with a cloth. Make into loaves, and bake one hour. (Reply to M. L. R., Plumstead.)

### HINTS FOR THE HOME.

**For Chilblains** apply a little turpentine to the affected parts.

**To Soften Hard Putty** pass a red hot poker over the surface, which will soften it, so that it can be easily removed.

**To Make Fly Gum.** Boil linseed oil with a little resin until it forms a stringy paste when cold. Spread this on paper, using a large brush. (Reply to LEEDS.)

**To Clean a Greasy Hearth.** Rub it over well with a piece of dry hearthstone, then brush it off, and you will find the hearth has become quite clean, and with no trace of grease on it.

**For Cleaning Jewellery** there is really nothing better than ammonia and water. If very dirty rub a little soap on a soft brush, and brush them in this wash. Then rinse in cold water, and polish with chamois leather.

**To Keep Steel Buttons and Ornaments** on your dresses bright, place a lump of camphor in your wardrobe.

**Windows** may be kept free from ice and will look as though polished, if rubbed with a sponge dipped in alcohol.

**To Keep a Dutch Cheese.** Pour a little brandy over it and wrap in an oiled paper. Store in a dry place.

**Orange Peel** when dried and pounded makes a delicious flavouring for cakes and puddings. The tangerine orange peel is especially good for this purpose.

**Grass Stains** on light dresses are easily removed by alcohol. Place a little of the fluid in a saucer, wet the stained parts with it, rub, and the stain will disappear. (Reply to FLORA.)

**To Remove Marking Ink Stains on Linen.** Paint the marks with a solution of cyanide of potassium, with a camel's-hair brush. As soon as the ink disappears the linen should be thoroughly rinsed in cold water. (Reply to SAMUEL.)

**To Clean Stuffed Birds.** Procure some fine magnesia, rub it into the feathers, working it downwards so as not to ruffle the plumage. When the feathers are quite clean, brush out the magnesia with a clean soft cloth-brush.

**An Effective Stain for Floors** is made as follows: Procure a tin of Brunswick black, and put a little of it into a jam-jar; add turpentine till the mixture is of the shade necessary. Size the boards, apply the stain, and they will look very nice.

**To Clean Decanters** that are discoloured inside: Procure a tin of Brunswick black, and put a little of it into a jam-jar; add turpentine till the mixture is of the shade necessary. Size the boards, apply the stain, and they will look very nice.

**This Cough Mixture** will keep well; I have used it for years. Place in a jar six ounces of treacle, seven ounces of honey, and ten ounces of vinegar. Stand the jar in a sauce-pan of boiling water and stir till the ingredients are mixed and warmed through. Then add three drachms of ipecacuanha wine and bottle for use. The dose is one table-spoonful every three or four hours for an adult. (Reply to PRATT.)

**To Make Preserved Ginger.** Place the quantity of root ginger you require into boiling-water every night and morning for fifteen days. Then remove the outside skin with a sharp knife. Boil the ginger in water slowly till tender, then cut in lengths. Prepare a syrup of one pound of sugar to half a pint of water. Clarify it and put the ginger in. Boil till the ginger is clear. Let the preserve get quite cold before placing in jars. (Reply to BABY.)

**A Pretty Present,** will be only too delighted to receive, would be a coloured miniature of her child. Beautiful coloured miniatures, in the form of pins, pendants, brooches, and bangle charms, can be obtained by sending the photograph of which the miniature is to be made, together with a postal order for 1s. 6d., and two stamps for the postage of the miniature, to MINIATURE (Department 56), O. Arthur Pearson Limited, 17 Henrietta Street, London, W.C. On the back of the photograph put your name and address, and state colour of hair (dark or light), complexion (pale or florid), and colour of eyes.

### MUFFS FOR CARRYING PETS.

SOME ladies' muffs are provided with pockets for the owner's pet dog. They are such spacious affairs that there is ample room for a small animal, and this provision makes it possible to keep the pets out of harm's way.

The new muff is provided with a slit from six to eight inches long, running lengthwise, which opens into a pocket, about ten or twelve inches in depth.

The dog is stowed away comfortably inside, with only its head appearing above outside.

### DON'T PROPOSE ON A SLIGHT ACQUAINTANCE.

It is a bad plan for a man to ask a girl to be his wife, on a very slight acquaintance, and a still worse plan for her to accept him under these circumstances.

If they keep their heads it is surely not a very hard thing for them to conclude to wait until they know one another a trifle better before they decide that they are the two persons out of the whole world who are best fitted to live each with the other.

When they have made this perfectly clear to their own minds, and not until then, should they become engaged and announce the fact to the world at large; and, when they are engaged, they should understand the responsibilities of their position and not seek to evade them.

### TRY A BRAN BATH.

LADIES who suffer from weak circulation of the blood are being recommended to take bran baths.

A quantity of ordinary bran is put into a bath of tepid water, and the rubbing of the rough particles of bran not only cleanses the skin, but has the effect of causing a slight chafing that sets up a healthy glow.

### GIRLS' NOVEL IDEA.

FIFTY girls in Kansas (U.S.A.) hit upon an original scheme for saving money to take them to the St. Louis Exhibition.

Finding that owing to change of fashion or because they grew tired of them, they never really wore out their dresses, they, two years ago, started to exchange clothes and hats with one another, altering them to suit the next wearer.

Much money has been saved; and the girls say they have been better dressed than ever.

### THE DISEASES OF JEWELS.

PRECIOUS stones are subject to sickness and some of them die. They become pale, lose their lustre, split grow dark, and have several other diseases.

Rubies fade when long exposed to the light, so does the garnet. The topaz, on the other hand, becomes, darker and loses its brilliancy.

The most sensitive jewels are opals and pearls. Opals frequently split. They are very sensitive to excessive heat, and in fact all changes of temperature.

Pearls become almost worthless very easily. Fire transforms them into lime, and acids attack them as they do marble. Very acid perspiration even may attack them. They, as well as opals, are said to respond to a certain extent to the physical condition of the one who wears them. Pearls are made up of layers, like the skin of an onion, and it is sometimes possible to repair them by removing the outer layer. This is such delicate work that it is seldom attempted.

Diamonds seem to be the least sensitive, but it is not prudent to take them too near the fire. Emeralds and sapphires retain their colour well and do not deteriorate easily.

### USEFUL ODDS AND ENDS.

If you do not try to make yourself look as pretty as you can you neglect one of your duties. It is worth while to make the most of all the good looks you possess; but that does not mean that you should revel in powder or purchased bloom, or spend hours in frivolous decoration.

To have a clear skin, remember that you must have good health, and to have good health and a rosy complexion you must wear thick-soled shoes, and spend a part of every day out of doors.

To keep your skin from roughening, find by trial what kind of soap suits you best, and use no other. Frequent changes of soap are bad for the complexion. Beware of those which are highly scented; as a general thing they are of poor quality, the scent being used to destroy the odour of the other ingredients used.

If you would keep your face and hands unwrinkled use tepid water; very hot or cold water is injurious. Also avoid burying the face in a soft pillow at night, which always produces wrinkles round the eyes.

Keep your combs and brushes sweet and clean. Wash them in tepid water containing a few drops of ammonia. The grease and oil will disappear as if by magic. Place the brushes, bristles down, to dry, and the handle will not be injured.

### SOMETHING NEW IN BLOUSES.

In this week's HOME NOTES you will see a very charming design for a blouse, which is not at all difficult to make, or at least, it should not be if you will follow out the directions given. A paper pattern of this blouse is given away with every copy of HOME NOTES, dated November 17, 1904, in which will also be found much invaluable information, such as Toilet hints, telling how to obtain a good complexion; novel ideas for making lamp and fern stands; Open Letter on the subject, "Is the Silver Wedding Wrongly Celebrated?" and an interesting article on



Palmistry dealing with the Line of Glory or Brilliance; Advice to Mothers; Hints on Dress-making, Cookery, etc. Published on Friday. Price one penny.

*Robert*

| HOLIDAYS FOR 1904-5.             | 1904. OCT.      | NOVEMBER.     | DECEMBER.    |
|----------------------------------|-----------------|---------------|--------------|
| Christmas Day . . . December 25. | M 3 9 16 23 30  | M 6 13 20 27  | M 4 11 18 25 |
| Boxing Day . . . December 26.    | T 4 10 17 24 31 | T 7 14 21 28  | T 5 12 19 26 |
| Good Friday . . . April 21.      | W 5 11 18 25    | W 8 15 22 29  | W 6 13 20 27 |
| Easter Monday . . . April 24.    | T 6 12 19 26    | T 9 16 23 30  | T 7 14 21 28 |
| Whitson Monday . . . June 12.    | F 7 13 20 27    | F 10 17 24 31 | F 8 15 22 29 |
| Bank Holiday . . . August 7.     | S 8 14 21 28    | S 11 18 25    | S 9 16 23 30 |

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## Amateur Journalists



WHENEVER a new serial story starts in a paper it is, of course, the custom of the Editor to talk about its good qualities.

He naturally thinks it is a good story, or he would never have started it. In regard to the one of which you will find the opening instalment on page 345, I have only to say that it is unquestionably the best serial story I have published since "Life's Great Handicap." The best judge, however, of whether this new story of Mrs. Lethbridge's is really good, is your worthy self. My advice to you is to read the first instalment. If you do that, I am convinced that you will follow the story with the keenest interest to the very last line.

I AM pleased to be able to say that "Echoes," the delightful song which forms the second number of our new series of 6d. music, is an even greater success than the first song. It is an interesting fact that no songs have had so enormous a sale within the same time since the days of "The Absent-Minded Beggar." This is saying a great deal for their charms, and no one who has heard "Homeward" or "Echoes," can deny that few melodies have equalled them. "Echoes," especially, is as easy to play and to sing as it is melodious. If you have any difficulty whatever in obtaining a copy of either of these two first numbers of the series, please do not fail to let us know. We will either give you the name and address of the nearest shop at which it can be obtained, or, we will, on receipt of seven penny stamps, send you a copy of either.

"Why," asks R.W.B., "does a dog howl at the sound of music?"—Only some dogs do this. They are probably dogs of highly sensitive natures. Some of them perhaps have mournful memories which are opened up by the melodies, and others have unsatisfied yearnings towards vocal distinction, which get worked up by the tender strains. Others, besides dogs, have these same yearnings, you can hear them often in drawing-rooms and sometimes in concert-rooms, and when you have heard them you can sympathise with the dogs, and the next time you want to throw half bricks you will be sorry that you can only aim at the dogs.

"Does education make men more cowardly?" asks T. S. "I have read that a celebrated soldier has said that as education spreads, so will soldiers lose much of the dash which has enabled them to storm positions and make charges against serried ranks. Apart from the soldier, has the increase of knowledge and refinement tended to lessen our courage?"

Apparently the idea is that the more brutish we are, the less able are we to recognise the extent of the danger, and, therefore, we face it without mental disturbance. I scarcely think it holds good in battle, where a sense of exhilaration pervades a man as a rule; and the battles that have been fought during the last thirty years seem to me to disprove the statement. In ordinary life, what happens? Are we less ready to enter upon bold business undertakings, or to make bold plans? Increased knowledge teaches us to estimate our responsibilities at their proper worth, and it is quite conceivable that this may deter us from doing things that are foolhardy or promise comparatively for a great risk, but that does not mean that we are growing cowardly—it means that we are wiser by reason of our knowledge. The spirit of adventure is as keen as ever, we are just as ready to make sacrifices for our country—in short, I am unable to agree with T. S.; on the contrary, I think we are more brave, seeing that we better realise the danger and yet confront it boldly!

### RESULT OF THE PICTURE POST-CARD COMPETITION.

A GOLD-PLATED pencil-case has been sent to each of the following:  
Mrs. M. Brown, 5 King Edward's Gardens, Acton, W.; E. E. Bayman, 17 Whimble Street, Plymouth; W. Jardine, 331 Woodstock Road, Belfast; E. Thompson, c/o N. B. Wilson, 2 Leafeld Gardens, Leafeld Road, Dumfries; C. Pounaford, 65 St. Paul's Churchyard, E.C.; Miss J. Marks, Wellington Hotel, Brecon; S. C. Brightwell, 47 High Street South, Rushden; W. R. Wolff, 76 High Street, Southampton; F. C. Healy, Post Office, Aros, Island of Mull; J. Hill, Northamville, Walker, Newcastle-on-Tyne; M. Curtis, 65 Ellerdale Street, Lewisham, S.E.; T. E. Cross, 63 Sussex Street, Preston; Miss Annie Charlton, The Schools, Cambo R.S.O., Northumberland; G. Sutcliffe, Elm Place, Frome Road, Bradford-on-Avon; Miss Hartwell, Over Wallop Rectory, Stockbridge; R. Downie, New Crammock, Scotland; F. Scott, 85 New Elvet, Durham; C. F. Mennich, 44 Montpelier Road, Brighton; J. Garner, 19 Windsor Road, Leyton, N.E.; A. Hartley, Outwood, near Wakefield; H. Tomlinson, 546 Chatsworth Road, Chesterfield; W. Lees, 32 Lewis Street, Stornoway; Miss N. Doyle, 3 Kenmare Terrace, Groystones, Co. Wicklow; A. Woranop, Stanton-by-Dale, near Nottingham; Mrs. Scott, 121 Wallace Road, Parkwood Springs, Sheffield.

THIS week I am offering a gold-plated pencil-case to each of the twenty-five readers who finds out the longest word in the reading matter of this issue of P.W., every letter in which is different. The number of page, column, and line on which the word is to be found must be given, in addition to the number of letters the word contains. Write your word on a post-card, addressed to THE LONGEST EDITOR, Pearson's Weekly, Henrietta Street, London, W.C., and send it so as to arrive not later than by first post on Thursday, November 17th. Competitors are asked to write their attempts on picture post-cards, which will be sent to the children's hospitals after judging.

M. F. B. (Fraserburgh), writes to say that the wages given to the Scottish fisher girls vary considerably according to the coast on which the work is done. For the West Coast of Shetland fishings: 5s. to 10s. arles; 8s. per week and their chance at 6d. per barrel, or 25s. per week, in addition to 3d. per hour filling up. For the East Coast fishing: 10s. to 24 arles; 8d. per barrel and 3d. per hour filling up. For the present English fishing: 1s. arles; 8s. per week; 6d. per barrel, and 3d. per hour filling up. With the exception of the West Coast and Shetland fishings, the wages are paid weekly, only the filling up money being retained by the curer until the end of the season. In the former case the workers receive their money when the season is over, being advanced £1 to 30s. per girl before they leave home to provide their food for the time they are to be away.

"Which is the better," asks J. P., "to express yourself in too many, or too few words—to be a chatterbox or a churl?"—On the whole, J. P., give me the chatterbox. A large proportion of what he says may be silly, perhaps, and not worth listening to, but altogether he is a nicer sort of person to have about you than the individual who contents himself with a husky grunt in reply to a civil question, whose "good morning" is in one syllable, and whose "thank you" is a bark. The chief thing that separates human beings from animals is the faculty of speech. The effusive person may be a bit of a bore, but that is better than being a boor. By-the-way, the grunting and growling habit nowadays does duty for speech amongst a good many people who pretend to be educated and well-trained. The only satisfactory thing about them is that they don't bite.

D. B. comments on the peculiarity of well-to-do people going out in threadbare clothes. "It shows what strange creatures we are," he writes. "I have a brother-in-law, who is much better off than any other inhabitant of his street, as I am positive, yet he goes out in an old coat if he is taking a stroll, and you can see the neighbours look at him as they pass him on the little green at the end of the thoroughfare. It doesn't disturb him in the least, and why? Because he knows that he can afford better clothes, and yet I know that if he were really poor he would hate to show himself in the daytime in that coat! The fact that he is not so poor as he looks makes all the difference! Isn't that a curious human failing?"—I agree with you that it is, D. B. Your brother-in-law is only one of many similar examples. Those titled gentlemen and other celebrated or notorious persons who have brought public attention upon themselves by this peculiarity, have been actuated by the same feeling as your relative. If they had been really so poor as to be compelled to wear the greasy hat, the frayed trousers, the threadbare coat, would they have donned them? Would they not have partly starved themselves, or have adopted other extreme measures to procure better garments, in order that people might not look down on them?

"I am an admirer of the electric light, and would like to have it in my home, but I cannot. On the other side of the street, although the houses are rented lower, they have it." So says V. B. "That is because we are in different parishes," he continues. "On the other side, the municipal authorities supply the current, but on my side the company has not come within half-a-mile of me, and it won't go even a hundred yards to supply a large factory! The street lamps on the other side are lighted about three-quarters of an hour before our lamplighter comes round. I expect this curiosity will be more amusing when the municipality has the electric lamps while we have gas lamps. I hardly know in which borough I am living; for, although I pay rates to one, I have a vote for the County Council in the other! I was wondering if the two parishes swept the road at different times, but I find they have arranged this sensibly. It reminds me of a farm in Suffolk, where I once spent a holiday; the farmer paid rates to three parishes!"—A few years ago there was a street in Clerkenwell which was divided between two parishes longitudinally, and each parish swept its own half of the road, and on different days. There was never a clean road; it always had a ridge of dirt or mud down the centre. There was also a house near Regent's Park which was divided between two parishes, till a short time ago. Perhaps some of my readers can tell me of other curiosities connected with places they have known, or in which they have lived. I shall be glad to hear of any such.

F. S. S. has seen it stated that if you slightly tap your forehead over the nose and eyes when you feel that you have a cold coming, you will prevent it. Heavier tapping is required if the case be one of chronic catarrh. I have not tried this method. You must be careful not to tap too hard; a good hard tap will not only prevent you from catching cold, but will be effective in preventing you from ever catching anything, and will bring business to two or three tradesmen.

W. L.—The reason kissing is so pleasant is because the teeth, jaw bones, and lips are full of nerves, and when the lips of persons meet an electric current is generated, and you don't have to have a dynamo machine, nor a battery in the house, nor a call-box, nor a handle to turn to ring up the exchange, and there is no patent on it, and the poorest person in the world can enjoy the electric current as well as the millionaire, and it never gets out of order. If Edison had invented kissing it would cost as much per year as the telephone, and then extra kissing would be charged extra, and if you didn't pay for it they would take out your kissaphone and disconnect you from the exchange.

"My wife and I do not quarrel over my smoking in the best room," writes S.K., "and I have full permission to please myself; but she has good-humouredly raised a discussion on another aspect of the question. She says that we men insist that smoking helps us to get over our worries, to think out our ideas, to pass the time, and so on. Women have similar things to deal with—domestic worries, contriving to fit this and that together, and so on—yet they do not have a 'solace' or a 'companion' as we men say we must have. If they can get along without it, why can't we? Of course, we exclude those ladies who do indulge in the cigarette or in other luxuries. This rather nonplussed me for a moment, but I finally retaliated by pointing to her pet fads about, flowers on the table and sideboards, about perfumes, which ladies use more than men, and about various other items which most men will find to be affected by their partners. My wife had to give in, although she tried to insist that the flowers make the home cheerful, and are therefore as much for me as for her."—There's certainly a good deal in what you say, S. K. I wonder what other husbands and wives have to say on the subject.

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PROVIDED ALSO, that the said sum shall be paid to the legal representative of such person injured, should death result from such accident within three calendar months thereafter, and that notice of the accident be given within three days of its occurrence.

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The above conditions are the essence of the contract. This insurance holds good for the current week of issue only, and entitles the holder to the benefit of, and is subject to, the conditions of the "Ocean Accident and Guarantee Company, Limited, Act," 1890, Risks No. 2 and 3.

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Signature \_\_\_\_\_  
Available from 5 p.m., Thursday, November 18th, 1904, until midnight, Friday, November 19th, 1904

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Note.—A pencil-case will be awarded to each person whose letter is dealt with on this page, or whose suggestion for a title is used.

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**Model 37.** and every lady should write for patterns of the materials in which we make it. It is the latest Chesterfield shape, with correct front and a nicely-shaped sack. The sleeves and cuffs are our own improved design, and every seam is strengthened by strong binding. Cut to 40 ins. length, and offered in New Grey Stripes; Black and White Flank; Plain Grey Frieze, and Plain Black Cloth. Stocked in 34, 36, or 38 ins. bust, or made to measure for 3 6 extra.

We will send this wonderful coat on approval to any lady on receipt of 9- (this covers carriage ONE WAY), and undertake to refund every penny paid for the garment if it doesn't fit or is otherwise unsatisfactory.

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**Model 194. 10/6** Carr. 6d. ex. 

**New Half-Guinea Coat and Skirt**  
 marvel, made in **J. M. Cheviot & Sons** as  
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 to comfortable walking length. **Skirt alone**  
 5/6 1 carr., 5d. extra.

The same design, made to measure in  
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*"His Master's Voice"*

**All Communications respecting Advertisements should be sent to the Advertisement Department, "PEARSON'S WEEKLY" Offices, HENRIETTA STREET, LONDON, W.C.**

# H E A D A C H E

A DRESSMAKER'S  
EXPERIENCE.



"Some two or three years ago I began to get sleepy and tired when at work. I had no energy whatever, and even when in the street I felt as if I should fall asleep. I was as tired in the morning as when I went to bed at night, and for three or four days together I had shocking headaches that made me feel quite miserable. My eyesight got blurred, and at times I could hardly see. I attended St. Thomas's Hospital for some time; but although the treatment afforded me temporary relief, the improvement was not lasting, and I soon felt as bad as before. What to do I did not know, for I could not afford to lose my living, and yet I could see that unless there was soon a change for the better I should be unable to move. One day a young lady advised me to take Bile Beans. I had not much confidence in advertised medicine, but I felt so bad that I was glad enough to try anything that promised relief, so I tried Bile Beans. The first few doses did me a lot of good, so I kept on taking the Beans and continued improving. After a full course I am entirely free from headaches, and that horrible drowsy feeling has disappeared. I must say that I do not know when I felt so well as I do now. It is a real pleasure to be about, for I can work and enjoy life as only a healthy person can. I am quite sure that Bile Beans have completely cured me, and have no hesitation in recommending them to other sufferers. For anyone who has to work indoors all day and obtain little or no real exercise, I believe that Bile Beans are a splendid tonic.

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If you suffer from any ailment and are in doubt as to whether Bile Beans are suitable for your case, write for FREE advice from our fully-qualified medical staff. State age, and if Mr., Mrs., or Miss. Mark your letter "Private," and it will be treated as confidential. Address—Bile Bean Co., Leeds.

The above is the statement made to a "Weekly Budget" reporter by Miss Margaret Faulkner, of 38 Brewer Street, Regent Street, London, W.

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